PENTHOUSE COMIX

NOVEMBER 1996

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MANARA

PENTHOUSE Comix

4 ***DENZ Part III:*** Slaying a field of critters is a yawn and a stretch for Denz. For the tough part, you'll have to see Queen Ichthya

18 ***BAD GIRL*** Is it possible? Bad Girl actually volunteered for Dole's campaign staff? Stuffing envelopes, cold-calling for donations, bending over to pick up pencils— ooh, we might have something here!

28 ***DOC DARE Part III*** Beware an emasculated Dr. Mamasaki, he has the means to exact a horrific revenge on all women and one woman in particular!

45 ***YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE*** Would you buy a used superhero organization from Hotblood?

58 ***HIDDEN CAMERA*** A desperate Italian film crew needs an answer to the question: what would you do for $1,000?

66 ***MONKEY JANK*** How to be Apocalyptically Correct! The party continues manless... or does it?

69 ***ABDUCTED BY ALIENS Part I*** If there's truth behind alien abductions, Richard Norris will find it. But will the Brood Ship Admiral allow it?

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H E A D Q U A R T E R S

Mark Gruenwald is dead.

A ridiculous nonsense sentence. One that should not have been uttered for a couple of decades or so. His close friends made a ridiculous trip to attend a ridiculous memorial for him and it seemed that, as ridiculous as it was, he indeed no longer was in this plane of existence.

Mark worked his whole life in comics — at Marvel Comics. He was a comic enthusiast, believing that the comic medium is worth serious study (find his Omniverse Magazine, they're out there). His 10 year run at writing Captain America will not soon be matched by anyone.

The energy level he exerted in his everyday pursuit of comics could be infuriating to his assistants and bosses — and to his intimates. His attempts to list, organize and impose order on everything around him were phenomenal (he lived 15,760 days; his count). And always interesting.

He was a confirmed girl watcher. He attempted to prank and practical joke as hard as he could. He loved fart jokes (his passing will be honored with a 21 whoopie-cushion salute). He could chase down errant vouchers like no other editor. He organized some truly wild parties, full of innocent fun. He tried to speak in belches — with mixed success. He liked the Talking Heads and Smashing Pumpkins. He was a good Daddy to his daughter — he enjoined her "not to mope" if he should die. He expected that when he died, he would be absorbed into the universe, perhaps as pure knowledge. If he is elsewhere, he is not here and the Marvel Universe is a much emptier place. And I'll try not to mope too much, but it'll be tough.

—ERB

(CUT ALONG DOTTED LINE)

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Please use this coupon — or a facsimile — to tell us how we're doing.
Please fill it out after you've gone over the magazine. Answer the following statement, "My unit kissed Kleenex after reading this story":

	TRUE	FALSE
DENZ (pg. 4)	■	■
BAD GIRL (pg. 18)	■	■
DOC DARE (pg. 28)	■	■
YOUNG CAPTAIN ADVENTURE (pg. 45)	■	■
HIDDEN CAMERA (pg. 58)	■	■
MONKEY JANK (pg. 66)	■	■
ABDUCTED BY ALIENS (pg. 69)	■	■

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DenZ

DENZ began looking for his brother by attempting to perfect the interdimensional portal invented by their uncle. When he traveled though the portal, he brought trouble with him in the form of his shrewish secretary, Neema. Unbeknownst to them, their physical selves are changed to reflect an inner desire. In DENZ, it resulted in a fighting prowess and muscular stature only equaled by the size of his dick. And in Neema, her flat-chested Earthling self turned into a lush, showgirl beauty — marred only by her egotistical psychosis. She managed to interrupt the reunion of DENZ and his brother by stealing the magical Locnar — key to the kingdom — and using it to knock out DENZ's brother and send DENZ back through the portal, in the process causing it to blow up.

Three long Earth years creep by with DENZ working feverishly to remake the portal and attempt to save the paradise that was no doubt being laid waste by Neema. He arrives on NeverWhere to find a female mystic who uses drugs to bang him and make him think he's nailing a young babe instead of an old harridan. He learns that ten miserable years of enslavement and tribal rivalry, all at the trembling mad hands of Neema — Queen Neema now — have turned NeverWhere into a sad wasteland. With the Locnar, and the powers of the Elder Gods at her command, Den was cast down and finally, imprisoned. We leave DENZ just as he is about to be attacked by the local Dramites who are under Queen Neema's control — and there are hundreds of them...

Part III:
TESTOSTERONY

by
RICHARD CORBEN &
JAN STRNAD

THE PLAIN OF **NEVERWHERE** STRETCHED BEFORE ME, LITTERED WITH THE CORPSES OF SUB-DRAMITES, SOME SLAIN BY ME, SOME BY THE RISING **SUN.**

FROM SOMEWHERE WITHIN THE RUBBLE, A THIN **VOICE** CALLED.

HELLO? HAVE WE WORKED OUT OUR **AGGRESSIONS** YET?

SHOW YOURSELF, WHINY ONE!

© 1996 RICH CORBEN AND JAN STRNAD

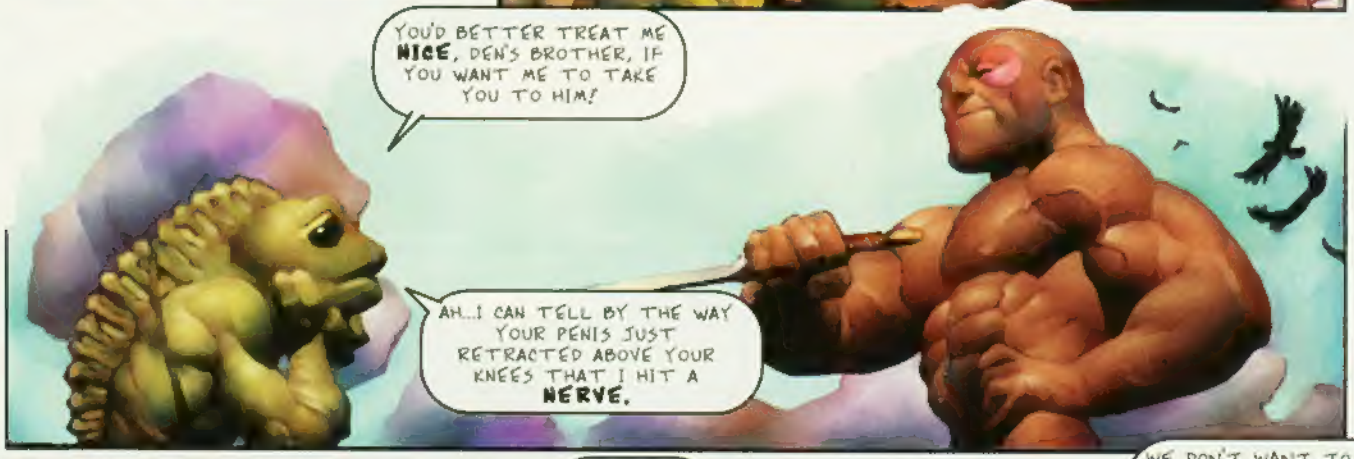
I DON'T KNOW--I THINK YOU STILL HAVE A FEW **HOSTILITY** ISSUES TO WORK OUT.

STAND UP, OR I'LL HACK APART THESE CORPSES UNTIL I FIND YOU!

OKAY, OKAY, HERE I AM. NOW DON'T GET ALL **TESTOSTERONEY** ON ME.
I CAN BE OF GREAT VALUE TO YOU...**ALIVE.**

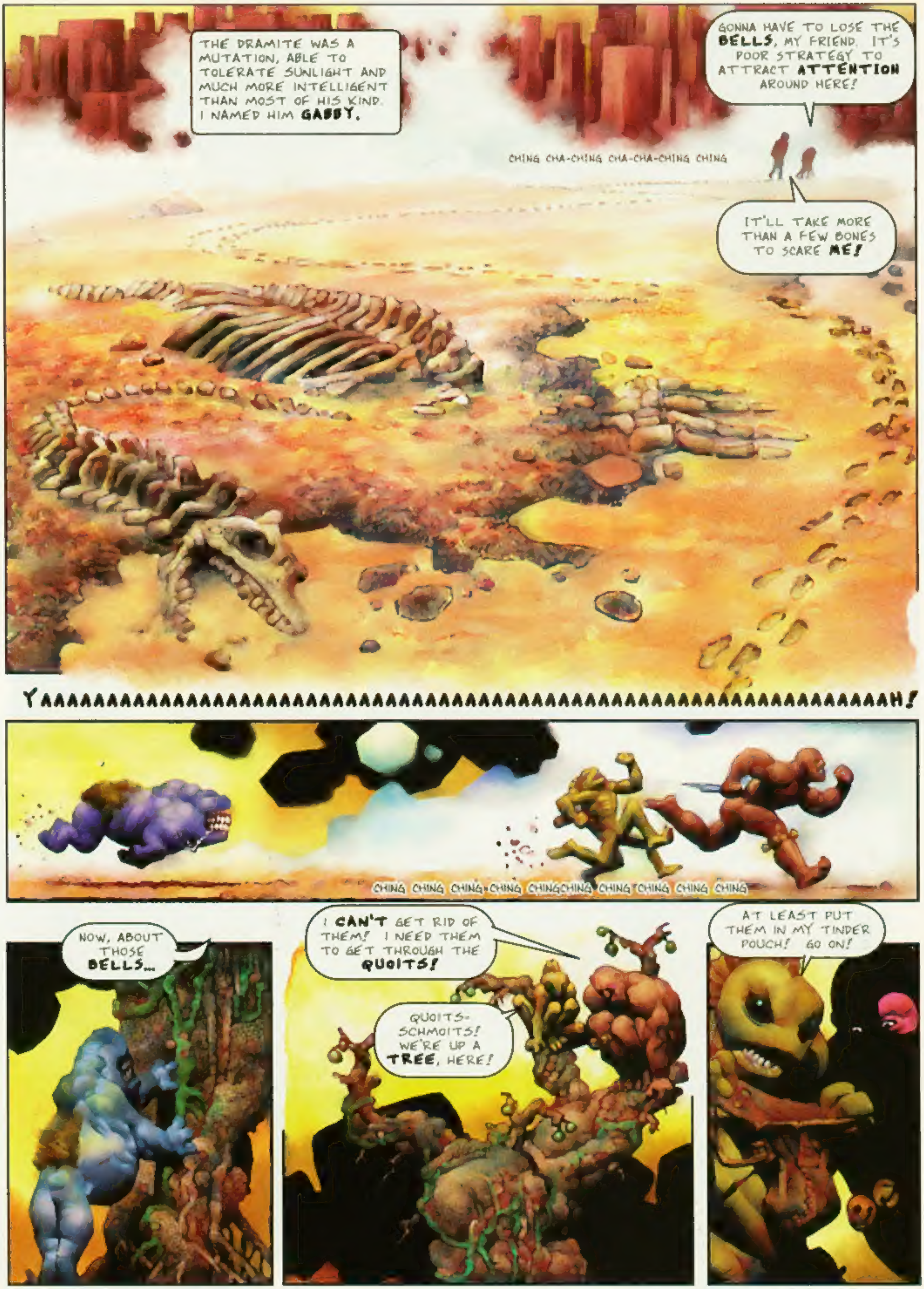
TELL ME WHAT YOU KNOW OF MY BROTHER **DEN!**
YOUR...B-B-BROTHER? I GUESS PREMATURE **HAIR LOSS** RUNS IN THE FAMILY, HUH?

I'LL GIVE YOU TWO MINUTES TO EXPLAIN YOURSELF, DRAMITE, BEFORE I RIP YOUR ARMS OFF AND STUFF THEM DOWN YOUR THROAT!
UUGHN!

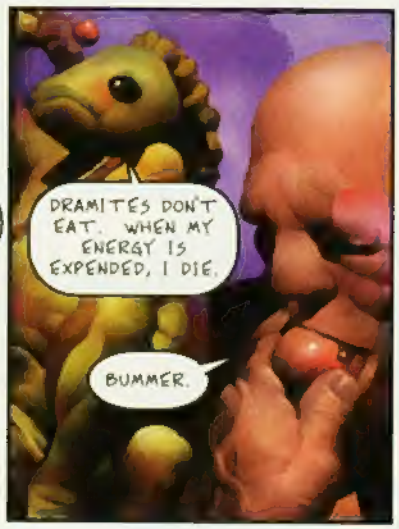

YOU'D BETTER TREAT ME **NICE**, DEN'S BROTHER, IF YOU WANT ME TO TAKE YOU TO HIM!
AH...I CAN TELL BY THE WAY YOUR PENIS JUST RETRACTED ABOVE YOUR KNEES THAT I HIT A **NERVE.**

GATHER YOUR THINGS AND COME WITH ME--

WE DON'T WANT TO BE HERE WHEN THE **BOAR-DOGS** SHOW UP TO FEAST ON THESE BODIES.
CHA-CHING CHING



THE DRAMITE WAS A MUTATION, ABLE TO TOLERATE SUNLIGHT AND MUCH MORE INTELLIGENT THAN MOST OF HIS KIND. I NAMED HIM GABBY.
GONNA HAVE TO LOSE THE BELLS, MY FRIEND. IT'S POOR STRATEGY TO ATTRACT ATTENTION AROUND HERE!
CHING CHA-CHING CHA-CHA-CHING CHING
IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A FEW BONES TO SCARE ME!
YAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAH!
CHING CHING CHING-CHING CHINGCHING CHING CHING CHING CHING
NOW, ABOUT THOSE BELLS...
I CAN'T GET RID OF THEM! I NEED THEM TO GET THROUGH THE QUOITS!
QUOITS-SCHMOITS! WE'RE UP A TREE, HERE!
AT LEAST PUT THEM IN MY TINDER POUCH! GO ON!



"HE TAUGHT THE DRAMITES TO CHANNEL OUR AGGRESSIONS INTO **SPORT.** THE HIVES SETTLED TERRITORIAL DISPUTES WITH GAMES INSTEAD OF BY SLAUGHTERING EACH OTHER."

"WE GREW IN NUMBER BUT DEN DIDN'T CARE...AS LONG AS WE DIDN'T WAR ON THE SURFACE WORLD. HE WAS REAL PICKY ABOUT THAT."

"WHEN THE BITCH QUEEN TOOK OVER, THE HIVES ALL BECAME AS ONE. WE HATED IT, BUT MALCONTENTS WERE EXTERMINATED."
"THEY WERE MARCHED INTO THE PIT WHERE THEY PLUMMETED INTO THE DEEPEST DEPTHS OF NEVERWHERE, INTO THE MAW OF THE ELDER GODS!"
WHAT BECAME OF MY BROTHER?
SOME CALL HIM A TRAITOR--THEY THINK HE SOLD OUT TO THE BITCH QUEEN BECAUSE SHE HAD BIG GLANDS.
"SOME SAY HE'S A PRISONER IN HER PALACE, WHERE CARNIVOROUS WORMS EAT HIM ALIVE EVERY NIGHT!"

"A GIANT MOLE EATS THE WORMS."
THEN HE SHITS DEN OUT ALIVE.
"THEN THE WORMS EAT HIM AGAIN."
DO YOU BELIEVE THAT STORY?
WHAT'S NOT TO BELIEVE? A COUSIN OF MINE WAS SWALLOWED BY A SNAKE, ONCE AND HE...UHM--
--YOU AREN'T ABOUT TO DO SOMETHING STUPID, ARE YOU?
MIGHT BE STUPID. WE'LL FIND OUT--
--WHEN IT'S OVER.

ARGH! BRISTLES!

YOU'RE GOING DOWN, FIDO, DOWN!

BRING SOME OF THOSE FRUIT WITH YOU, GABBY AND DON'T FORGET MY BELLS!

THE SURFACE ROUTE WAS TOO EXPOSED, AND THE DRAMITE TUNNELS WERE EVEN MORE DANGEROUS

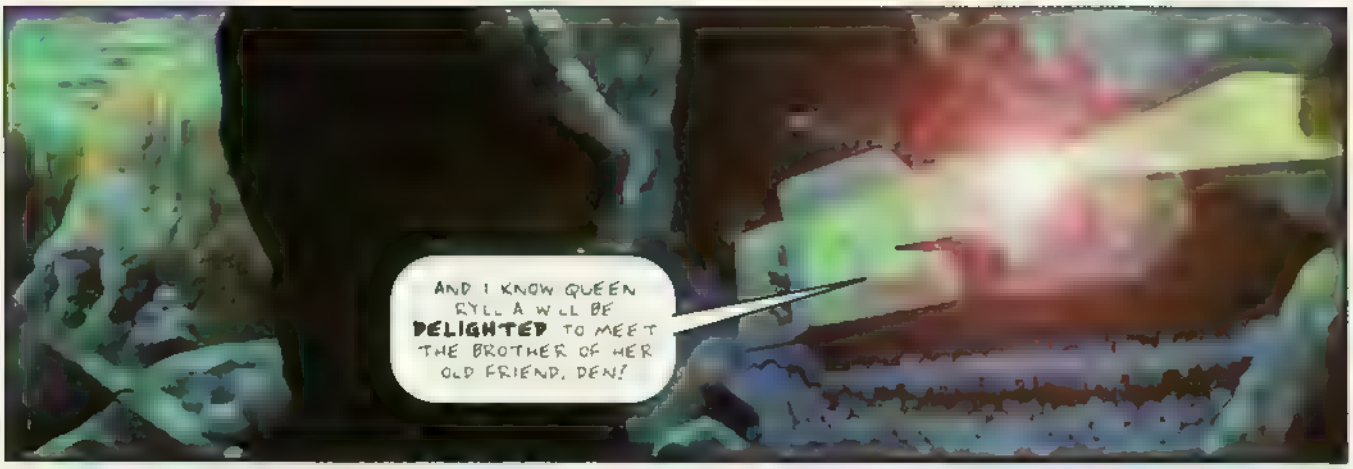
OUR ONLY HOPE OF SNEAKING UP ON NEEMA WAS NEVERWHERE'S SYSTEM OF UNDERGROUND RIVERS.
THAT'S AN ICHTHYAN SUB. THE ICHTHYANS AREN'T HALF-BAD FOR DRAMITE-EATERS

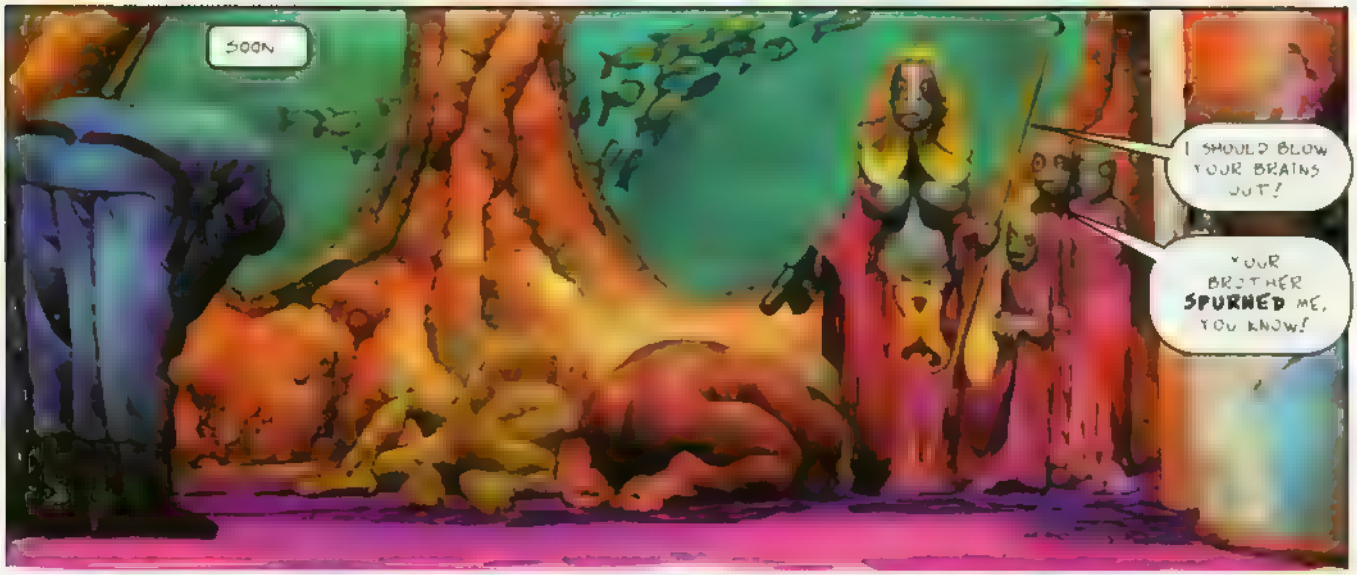
THE ICHTHYAN QUEEN, RYLLIA, WAS ONCE A CLOSE FRIEND OF YOUR BROTHER
WHEN THEY LEARN OF OUR MISSION, THE ICHTHYANS WILL BE OUR GRATEFUL ALLIES!

GREETINGS, MY FISHY FRIENDS! WE ARE ON A MISSION TO RESCUE THE MIGHTY DEN AND AID HIM IN HIS BATTLE AGAINST THE BITCH QUEEN, NEEMA!

MARCH, MUTANT SCUM

REALLY, DENZ, THEY LIKE US! I'M SURE THIS IS THE MOST SPACIOUS CELL IN THE ENTIRE SUBMARINE!

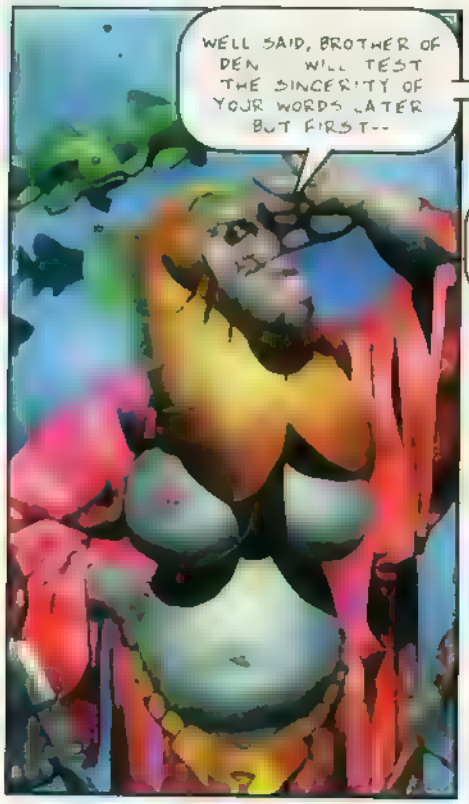

AND I KNOW QUEEN RYLLA WILL BE **DELIGHTED** TO MEET THE BROTHER OF HER OLD FRIEND, DEN!


SOON
I SHOULD BLOW YOUR BRAINS OUT!
YOUR BROTHER **SPURNED** ME, YOU KNOW!

I GUESS A **FISH WOMAN** WASN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM! HE MUST HAVE FOUND ME **UNATTRACTIVE** IN SOME WAY!

FLATTER HER, DEN!! ICHTHYAN WOMEN ARE NOTORIOUSLY VAIN!
I'LL TRY

THEN HE WAS **BLIND**, O QUEEN! THY BREASTS ARE FULSOME, THY NIPPLES ARE ROSEATE BUDS, AND E'EN FROM HERE DO DETECT THE FRAGRANCE OF THY WOMANHOOD! MY ROD **STIFFENS** IN THY GLORIOUS PRESENCE!



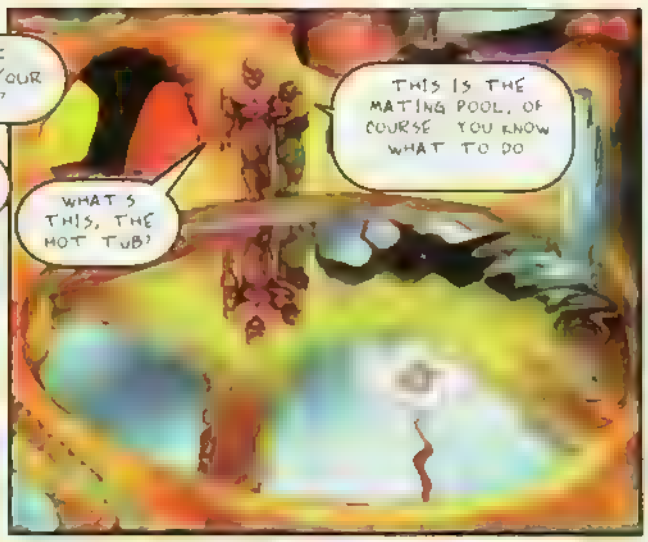
SHE MEANS IT, DENZ! I SMELLED **DRAMITE DIP** ON THE WAY IN!

BUT THIS IS WRONG! I DON'T **BELIEVE** IN HAVING SEX WITH FISH YOU AREN'T MARRIED TO!

YOU **HAVE** TO DO IT DENZ! REMEMBER, YOUR BROTHER AND I AND ALL OF NEVERWHERE ARE COUNTING ON YOU!

NOT THAT YOU SHOULD FEEL **PRESSURED** OR ANYTHING

HOW ABOUT IF JUST NIBBLE YOUR GILL SLITS?
TEE-HEE! FUNNY MAN!


WHAT'S THIS, THE HOT TUB?
THIS IS THE MATING POOL, OF COURSE YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO

WAIT! THAT WATER LOOKS COLD! YOU DON'T EXPECT ME TO I MEAN!

YAAH (GLUB)!

ENOUGH FOREPLAY! HERE COME!

TO BE CONTINUED...

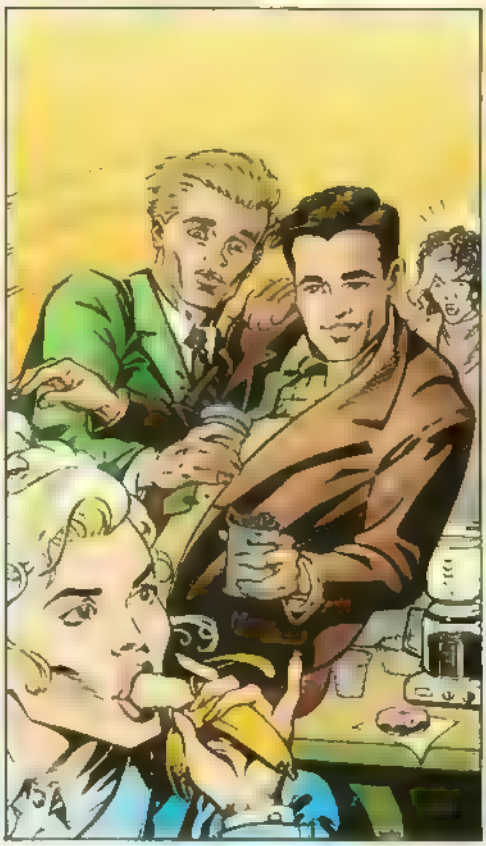
BAD GIRL

STARRING IN:

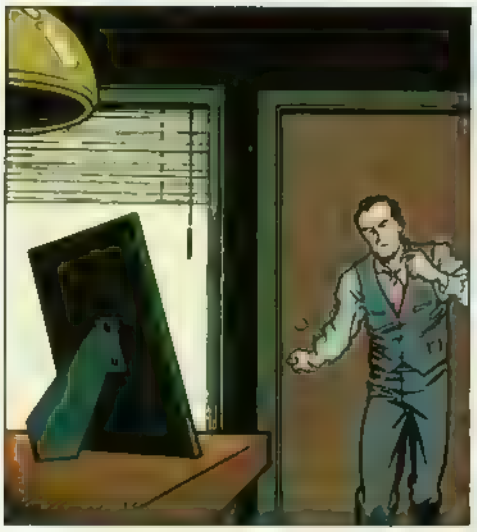
DOLE'S IN THE HOUSE!

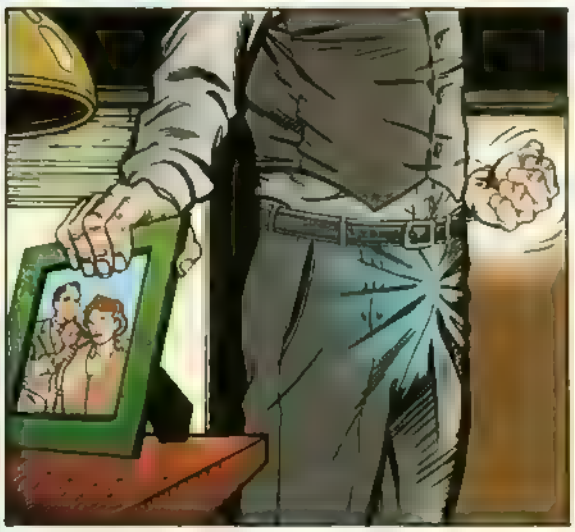
WRITTEN BY: [illegible]
PENCILS: [illegible]
INKS & COLORING: [illegible]
COLOR RENDERING: [illegible]
LETTERING: [illegible]

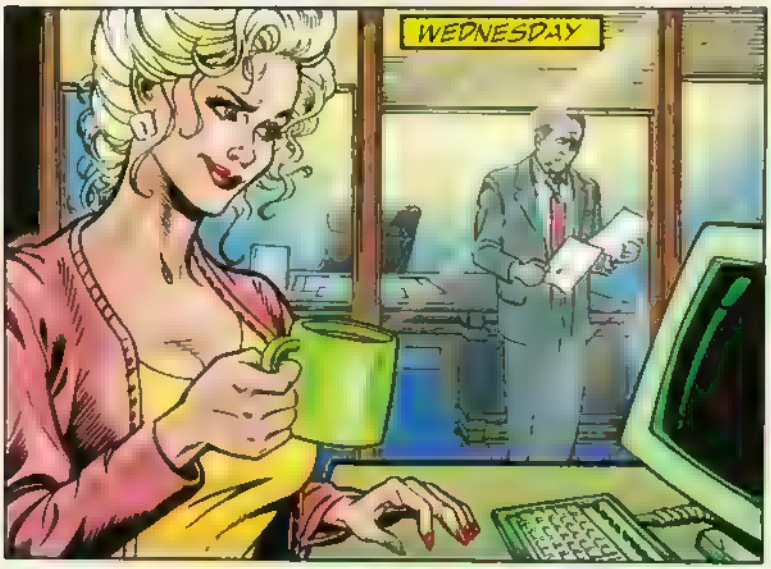
BAD GIRL'S IN LOVE!
MONDAY



TUESDAY

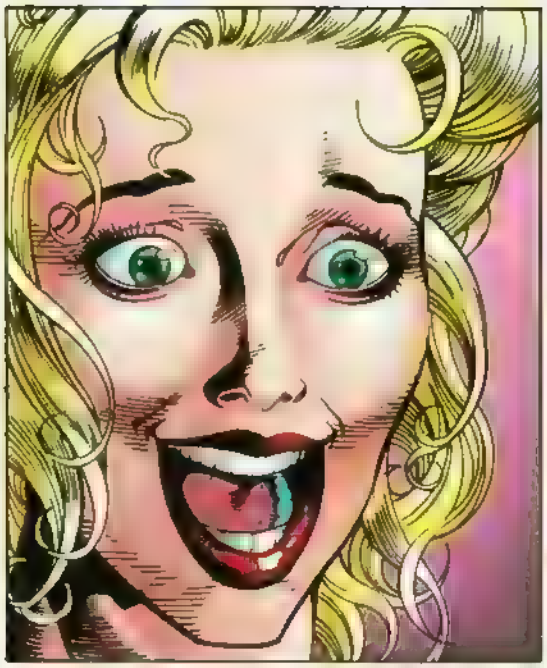


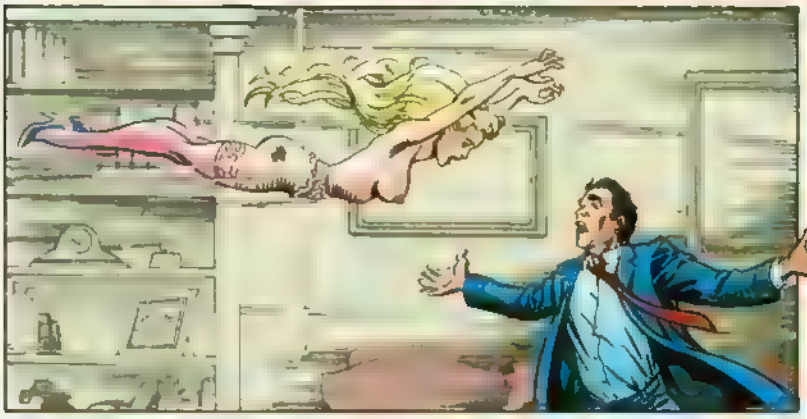


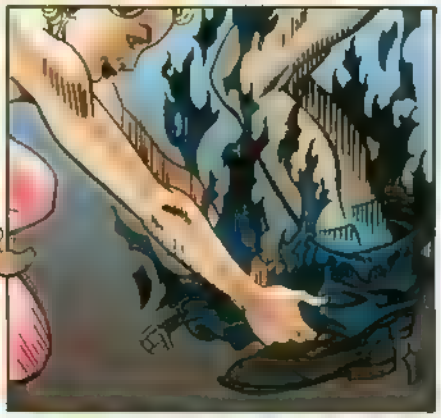

WEDNESDAY

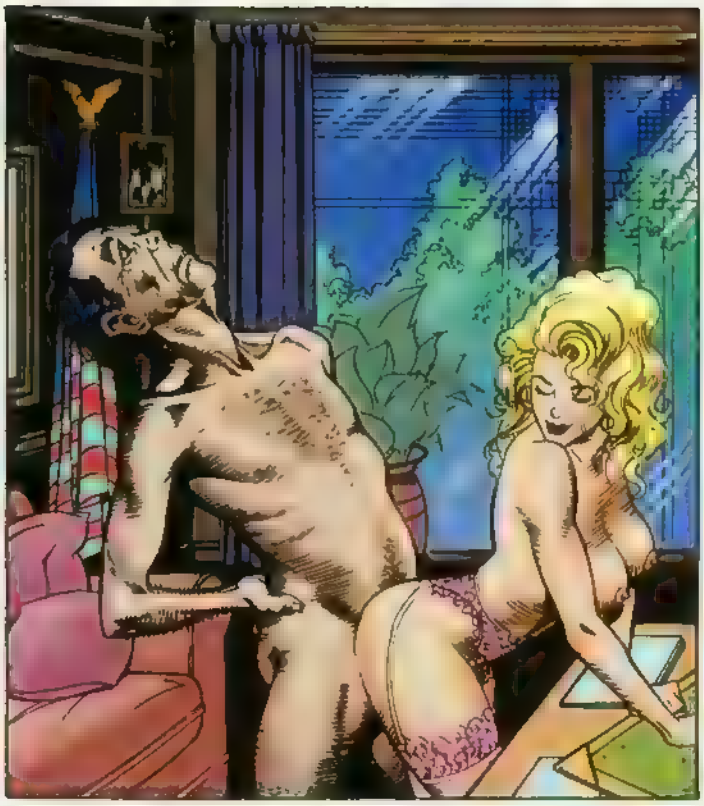
THURSDAY

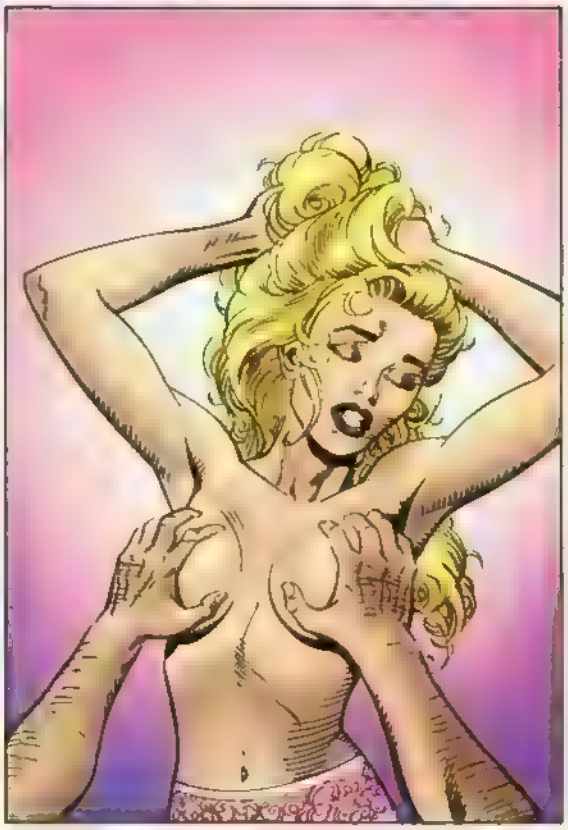
FRIDAY

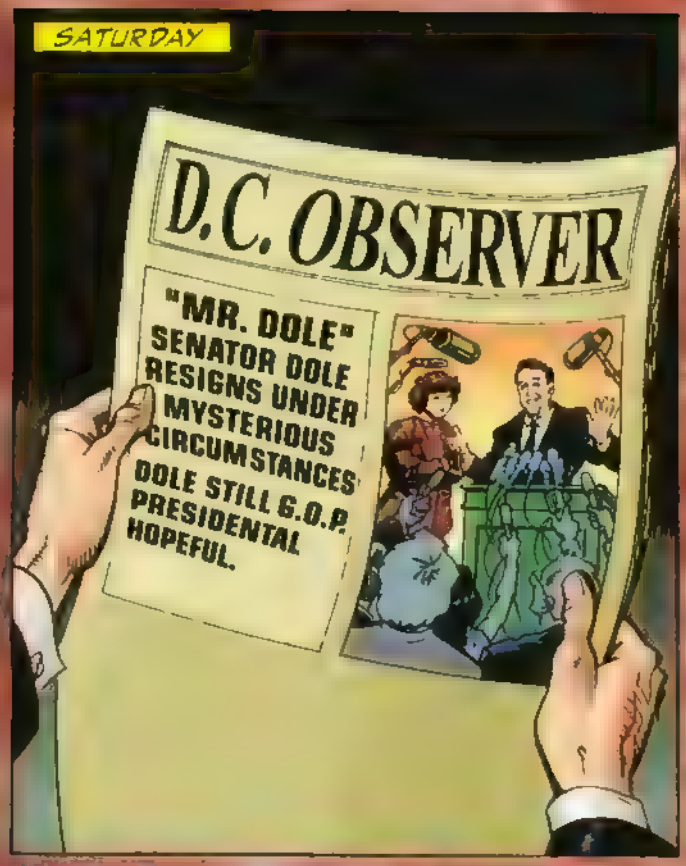











SATURDAY
D.C. OBSERVER
"MR. DOLE" SENATOR DOLE RESIGNS UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES
DOLE STILL G.O.P. PRESIDENTAL HOPEFUL.

GOOD WORK. BAD GIRL.

NO OFFENSE BUT I WOULD NEVER HAVE THOUGHT ANYONE COULD CRACK OL ST DOLE S HIDE

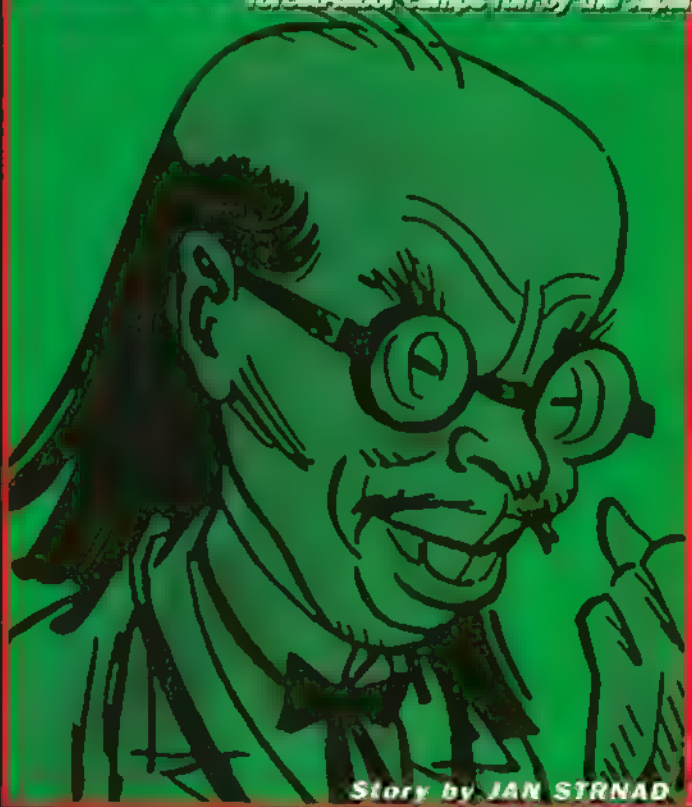
PUSSY CALLS AND ANOTHER ONE FALLS

THE END!

DOC DARE

PART 3: THE SEX SLAVES OF MAMASAKI!

Joanna Dare, PhD, accidently-engineered super-heroine of WWII — on call from the back door of the White House and Eleanor Roosevelt — has been going through some changes. Lately, she's been ranging from school-marmish reserved to stereotype brawl on dollar-day at the whore house! These extremes of her personalities are making either side despise the other. Recently, we saw the hateful jungings of Japan's worst (during wartime) the vile, Dr. Mamasaki, and some of the carnage during the sinking of the USS Wichita. We met Captn. Boyd Cochran, USN, with whom Joanna — the dry and untransformed — has fallen for. Joanna recalled her days at the Manhattan Project where she averted atomic disaster but popped up some real bad, glowing falling stew in the process which seemed to supercharge her. It also supercharged her sexual appetites. We rejoin Joanna as she contemplates her new mission: to investigate awful rumors of female forced-labor camps run by the Japanese somewhere in the Philippines!

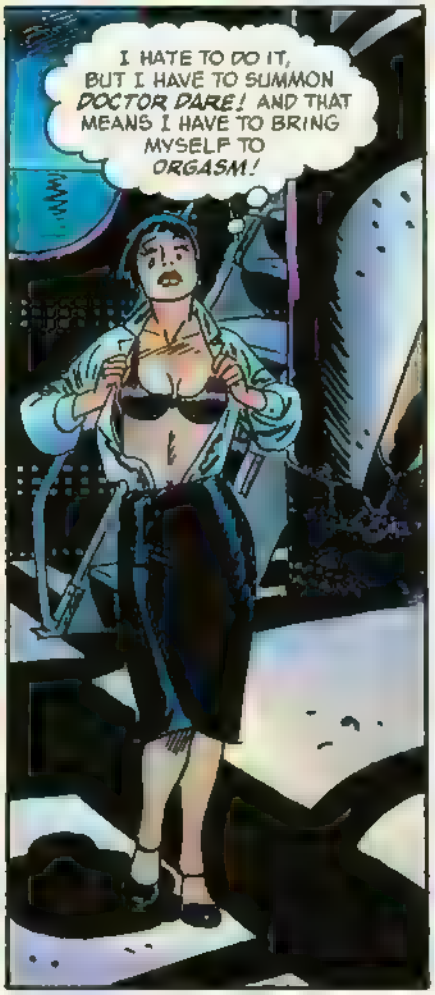


Story by JAN STRNAD Art by ALFONSO FONT

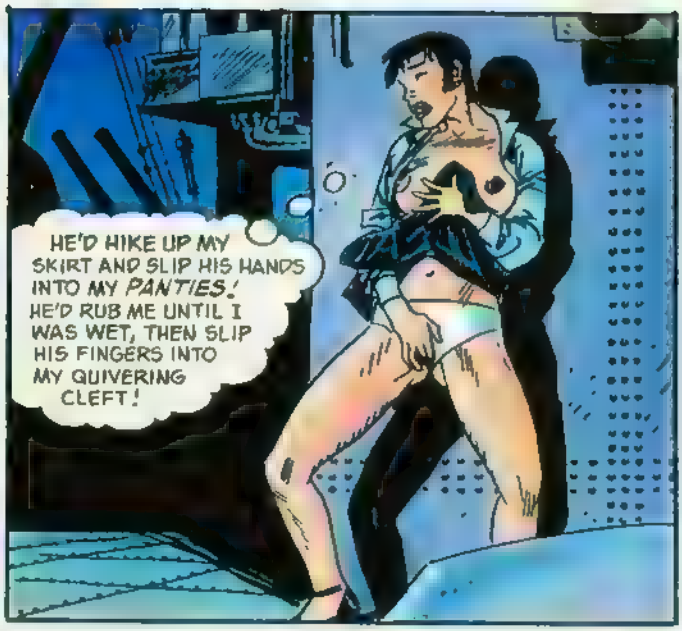
Coloring by SUYDAM STUDIOS Lettering by GAIL BECKETT

GOOD-BYE, CAPTAIN!

The breath caught in my chest as I watched my love, Captain Boyd Cochran, set out in a tiny launch bound for Formosa, where, according to reports, the Japanese maintained slave colonies of captured Allied women!



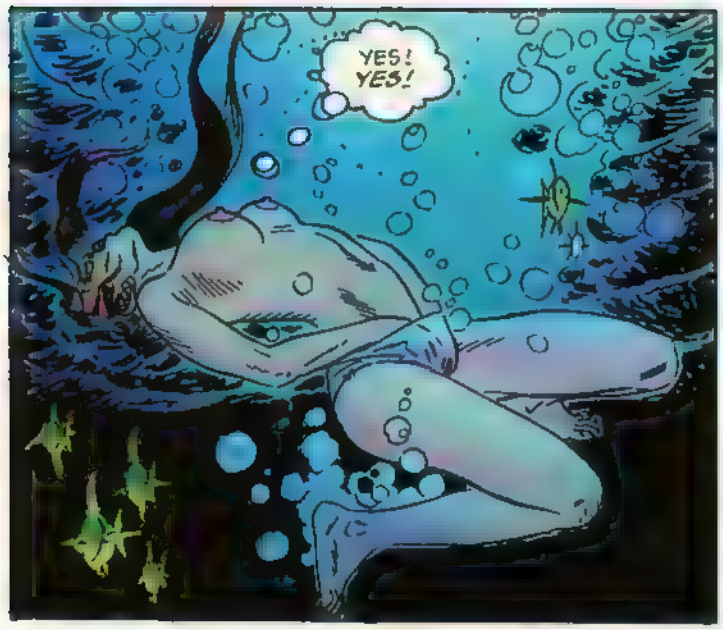
THEN HE'D TAKE MY BREASTS IN HIS HANDS AND SQUEEZE WHILE HE TICKLED MY NIPPLES WITH HIS TONGUE!

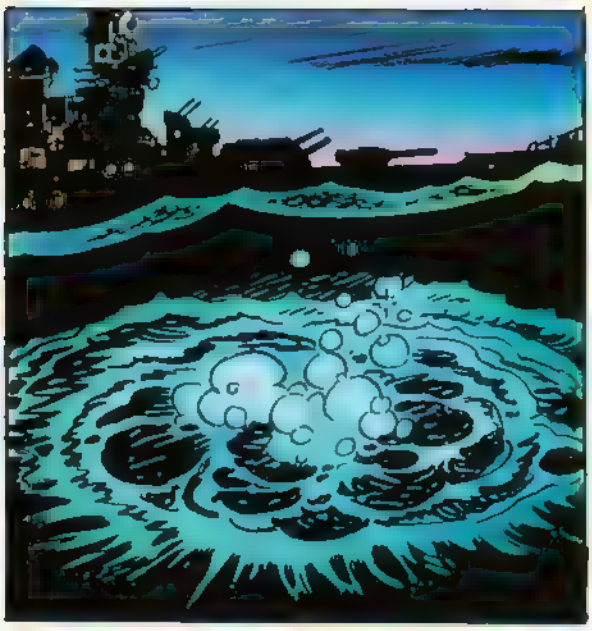

HE'D HIKE UP MY SKIRT AND SLIP HIS HANDS INTO MY *PANTIES*! HE'D RUB ME UNTIL I WAS WET, THEN SLIP HIS FINGERS INTO MY QUIVERING CLEFT!

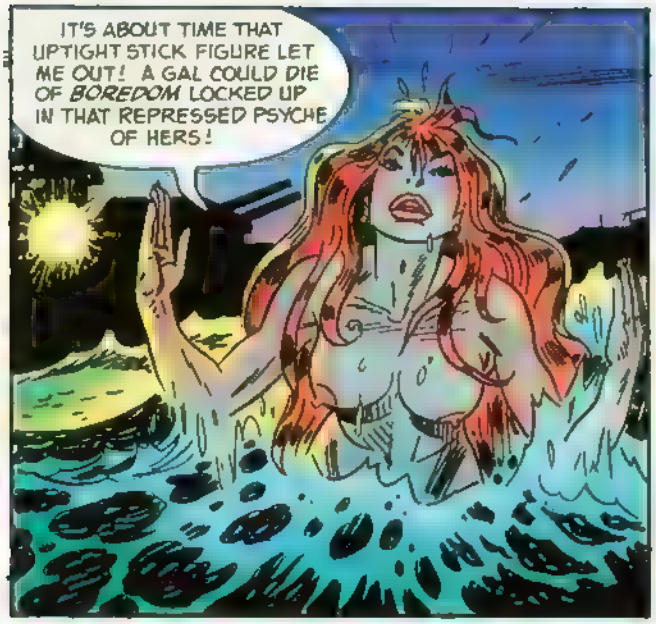
OH! I'M CLOSE! SO CLOSE!
I CAN FEEL HIM ENTERING ME FROM BEHIND! HIS HARD SOLDIER FILLS ME WHILE HIS FINGERS RUN OVER MY NAKED BODY!

AN AUDIENCE! MUST GET OUT OF SIGHT... BEFORE I... *CHANGE!*

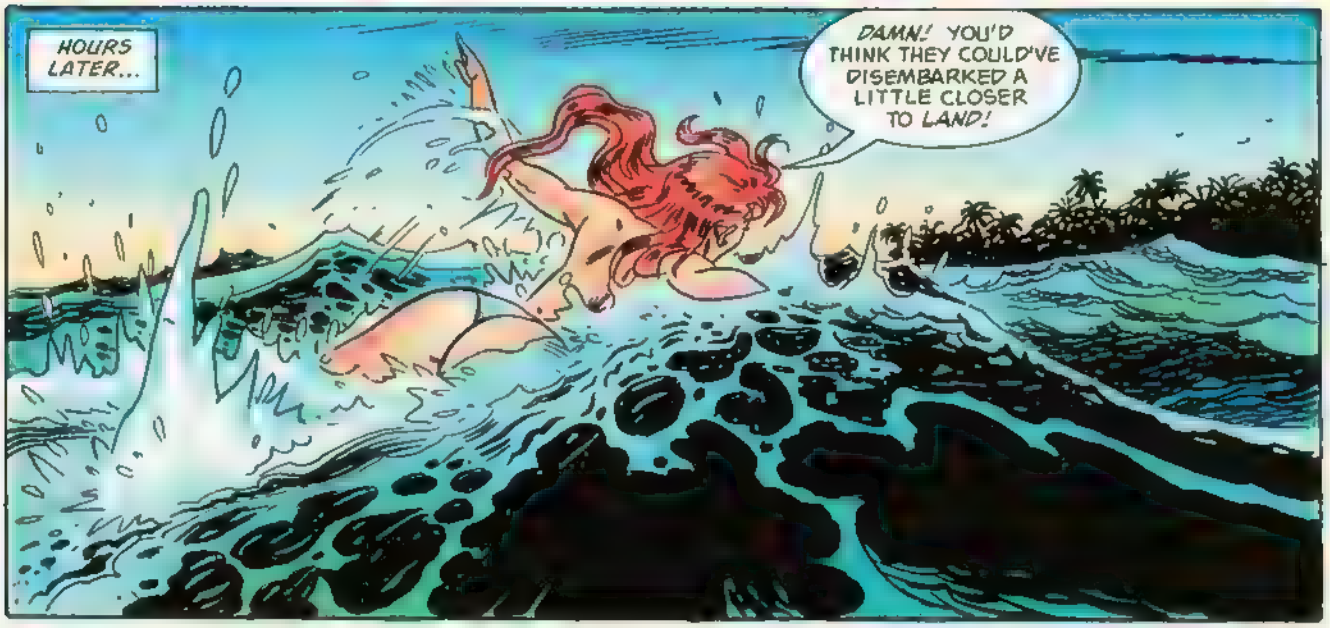
WOMAN OVERBOARD!

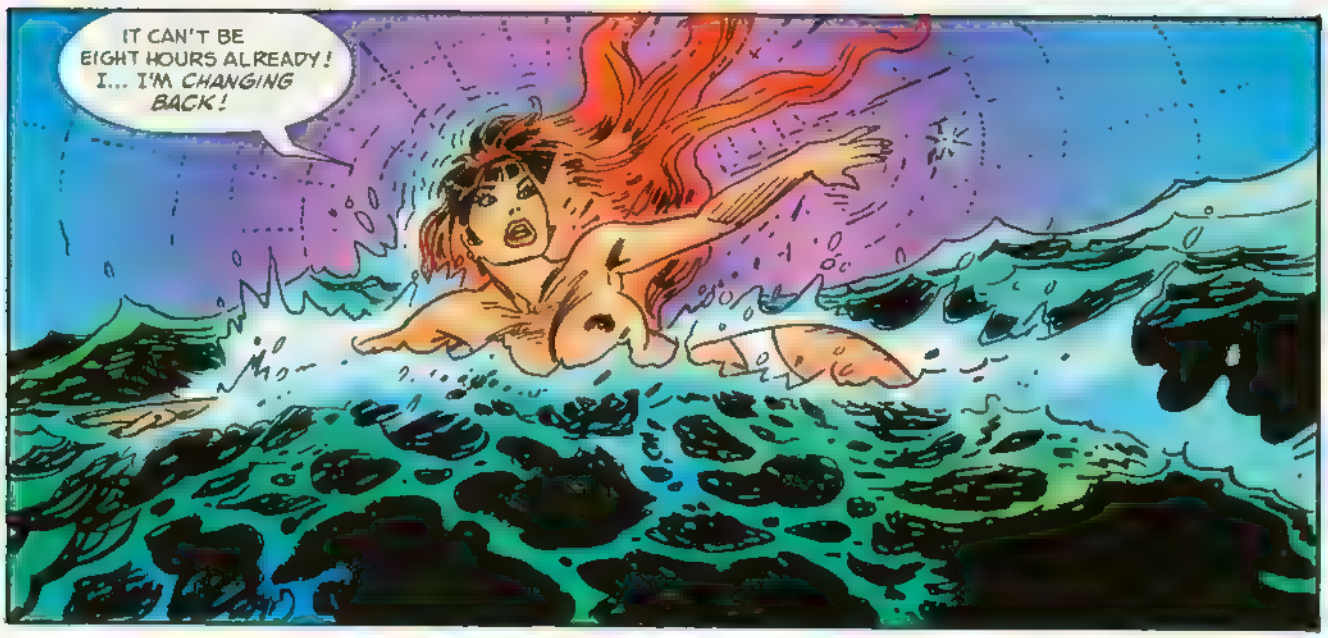

YES! YES!

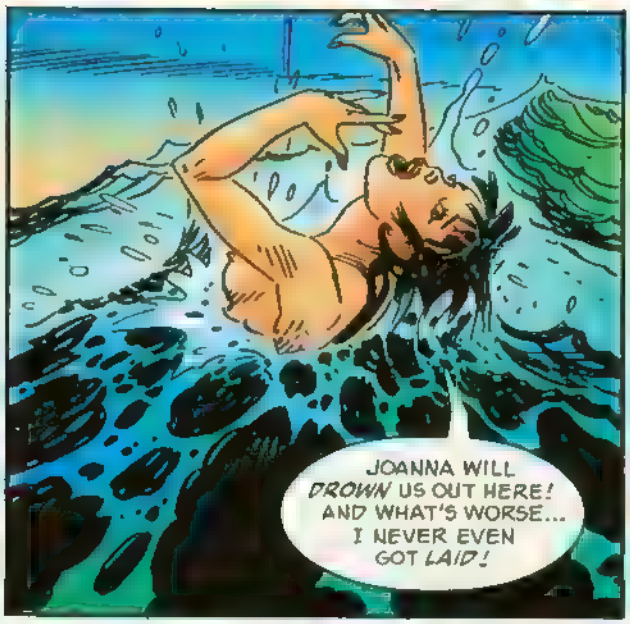


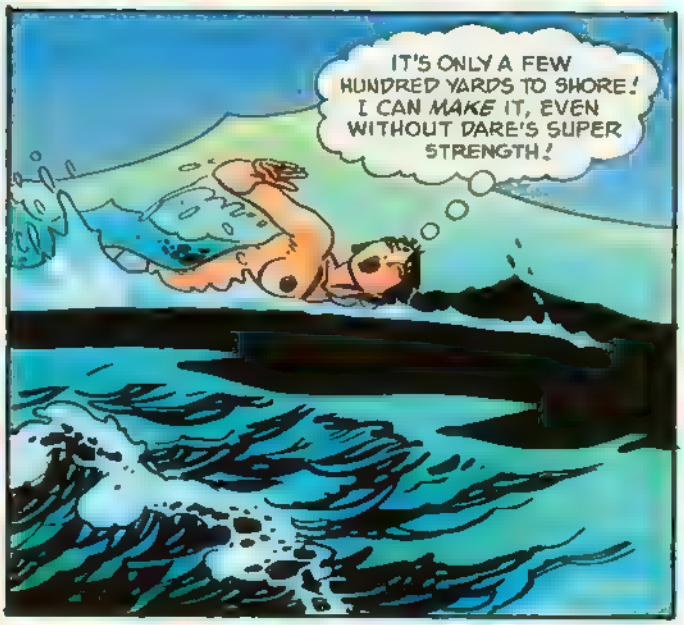

IT'S ABOUT TIME THAT UPTIGHT STICK FIGURE LET ME OUT! A GAL COULD DIE OF *BOREDOM* LOCKED UP IN THAT REPRESSED PSYCHE OF HERS!

A FEW SAILORS BACK ON THAT SHIP WOULD BE GLAD TO SEE ME, BUT I GUESS THAT RESCUING JOANNA'S *BOYFRIEND* IS THE FIRST ORDER OF BUSINESS!

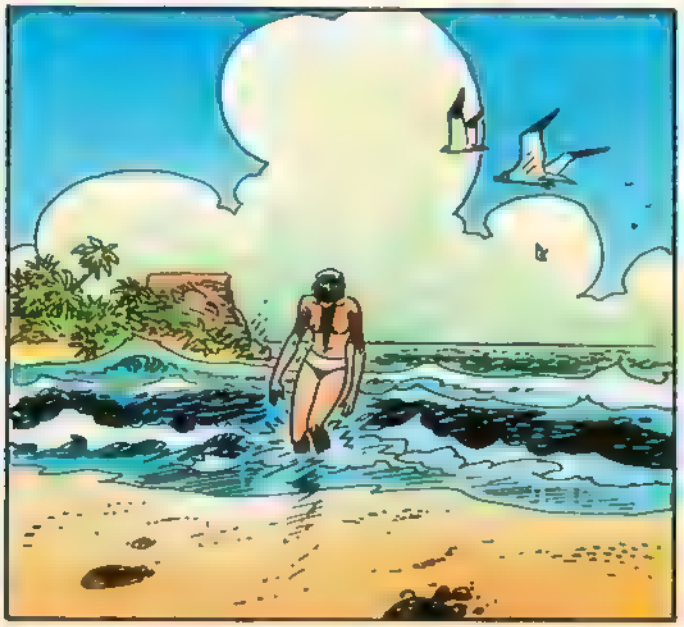

HOURS LATER...
DAMN! YOU'D THINK THEY COULD'VE DISEMBARKED A LITTLE CLOSER TO *LAND!*

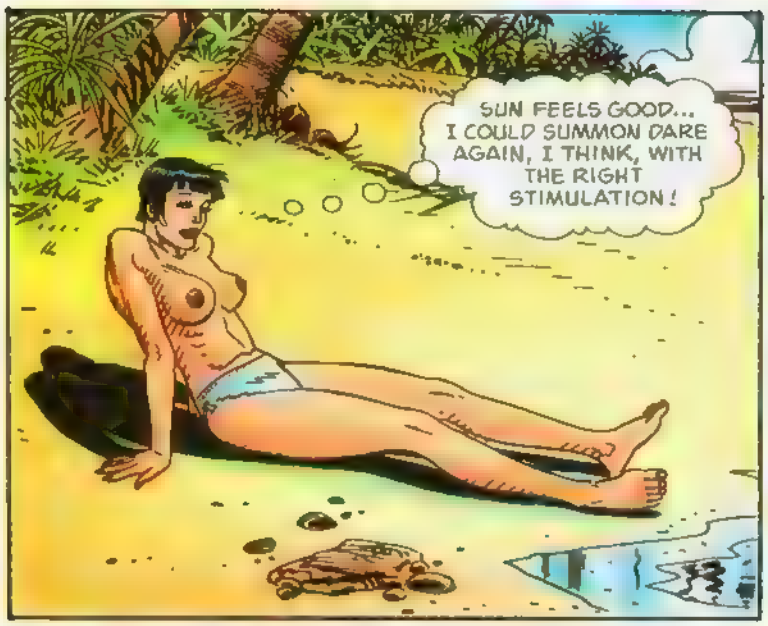

IT CAN'T BE EIGHT HOURS ALREADY! I... I'M CHANGING BACK!


JOANNA WILL DROWN US OUT HERE! AND WHAT'S WORSE... I NEVER EVEN GOT LAID!


IT'S ONLY A FEW HUNDRED YARDS TO SHORE! I CAN MAKE IT, EVEN WITHOUT DARE'S SUPER STRENGTH!

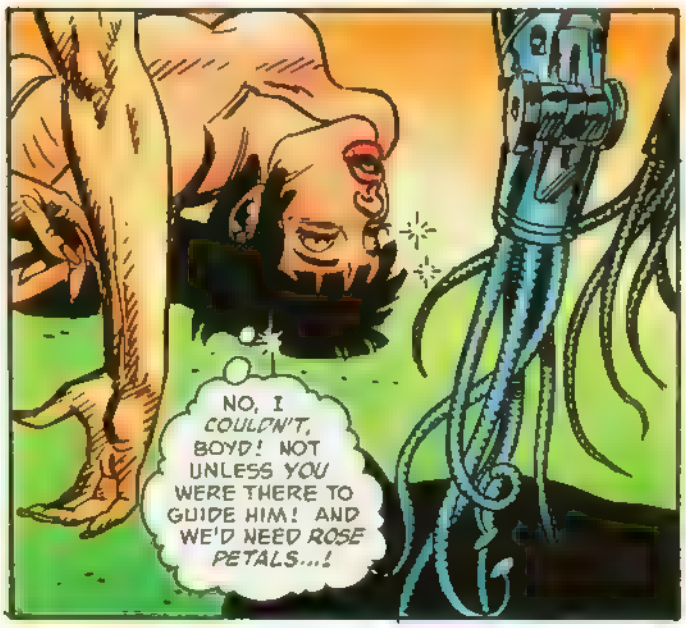
I HAVE TO MAKE IT, FOR BOYD'S SAKE AS WELL AS MY OWN!

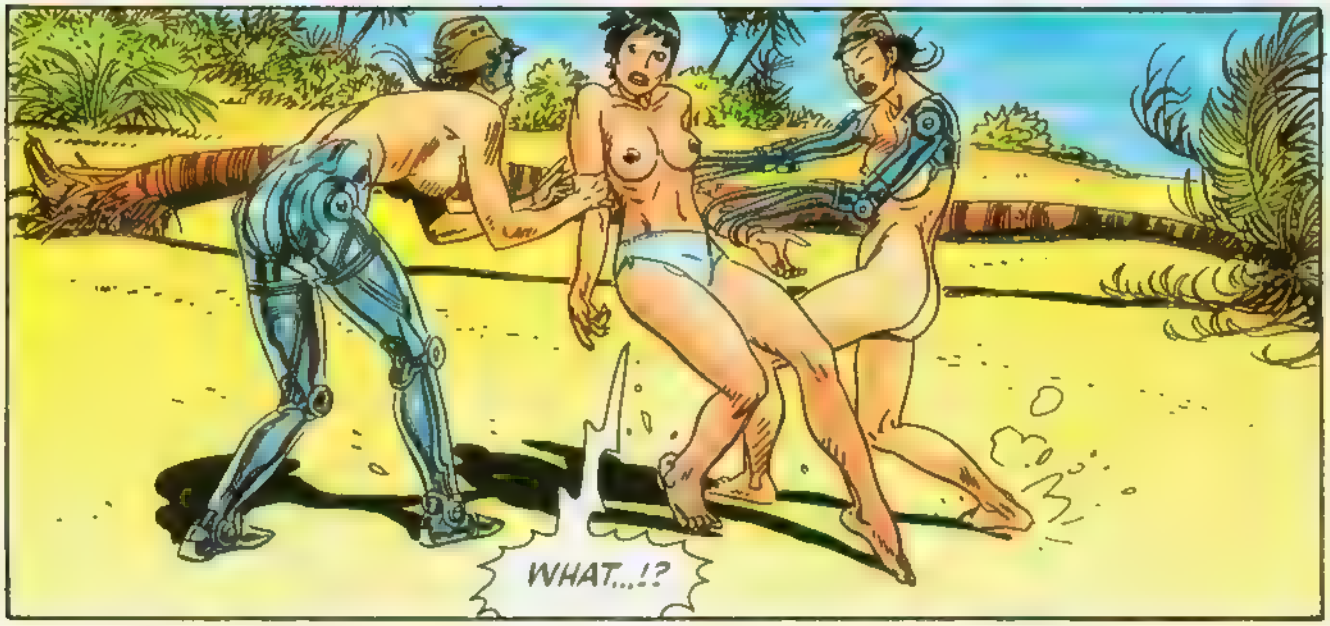


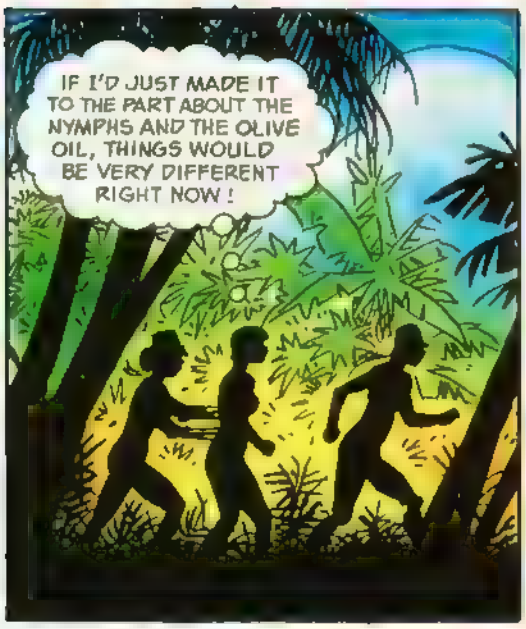

SUN FEELS GOOD... I COULD SUMMON DARE AGAIN, I THINK, WITH THE RIGHT STIMULATION!

I'LL IMAGINE BOYD RISING UP OUT OF THE OCEAN ON A CLAM SHELL... HIS MANHOOD AIMED AT THE SKY!

WHAT ARE YOU POINTING AT, BOYD? OH, IT'S A BOY ON WAX WINGS CIRCLING OVERHEAD... A *NAKED* BOY EAGER FOR HIS FIRST SEXUAL ENCOUNTER!


NO, I *COULDN'T*, BOYD! NOT UNLESS *YOU* WERE THERE TO GUIDE HIM! AND WE'D NEED *ROSE PETALS*...!


WHAT...!?


IF I'D JUST MADE IT TO THE PART ABOUT THE NYMPHS AND THE OLIVE OIL, THINGS WOULD BE VERY DIFFERENT RIGHT NOW!

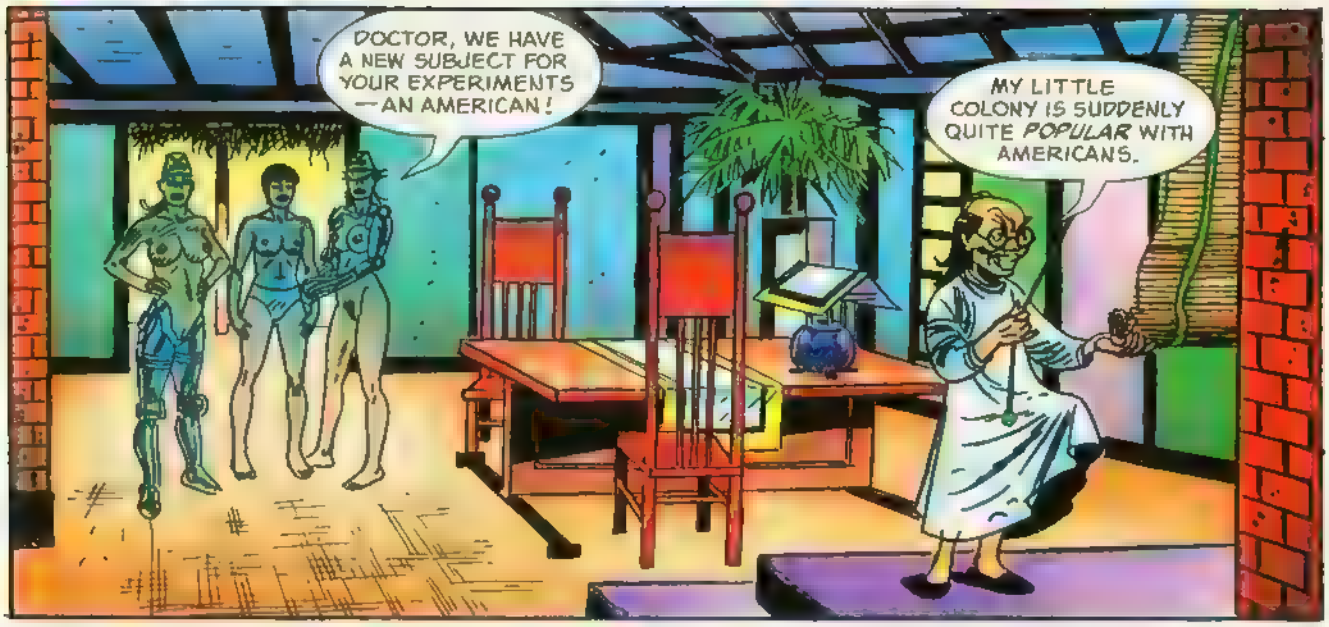
COME ON, BOYD! YOU'RE MISSING THE BEST PART OF THE WAR!
MY SOLDIER DOES NOT LEAP CASUALLY INTO COMBAT. HE CHOOSES HIS BATTLES WELL.

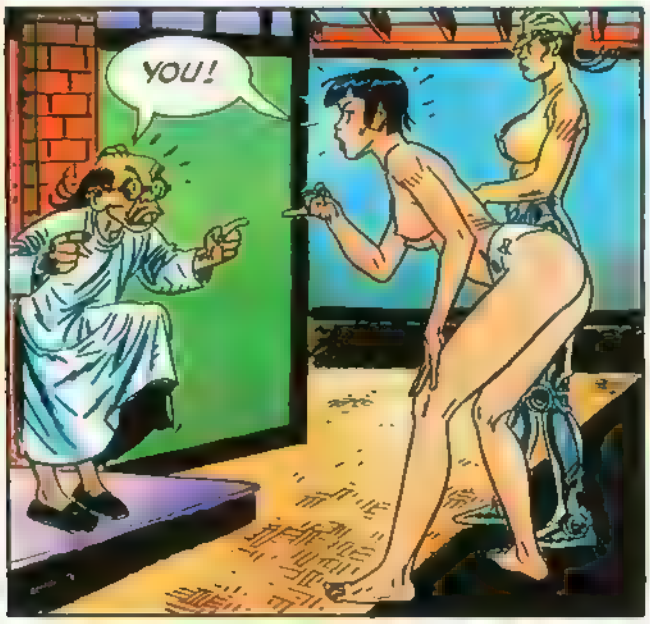
HEY, LOOK! THE JAPS HAVE A NEW RECRUIT!
ISN'T THAT...?

JOANNA!
BOYD!

QUIET, ROUND-EYES! THAT ONE IS NOT YET CONDITIONED!

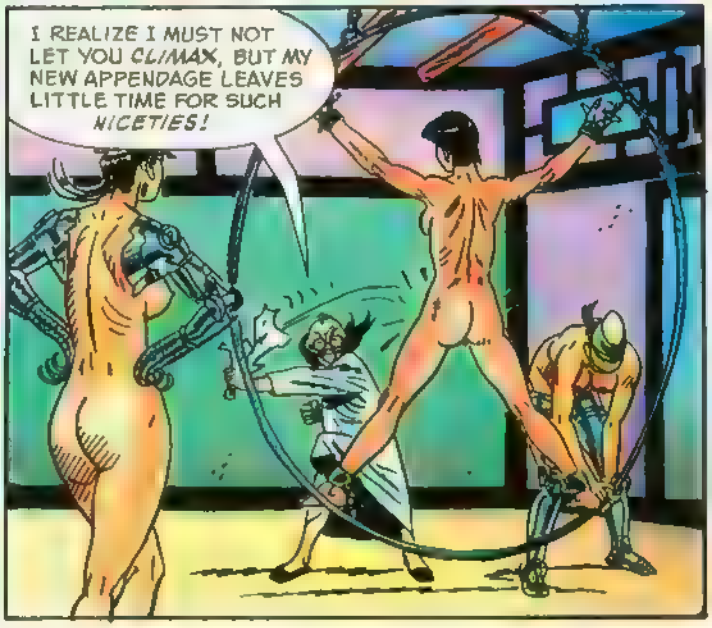
COME ALONG! DR. MAMASAKI INSPECTS ALL NEW ARRIVALS FOR THEIR SUITABILITY!
BOYD!
I DON'T HAVE TO GUESS WHAT THEY NEED TO BE SUITABLE FOR!


DOCTOR, WE HAVE A NEW SUBJECT FOR YOUR EXPERIMENTS —AN AMERICAN!
MY LITTLE COLONY IS SUDDENLY QUITE *POPULAR* WITH AMERICANS.


YOU!

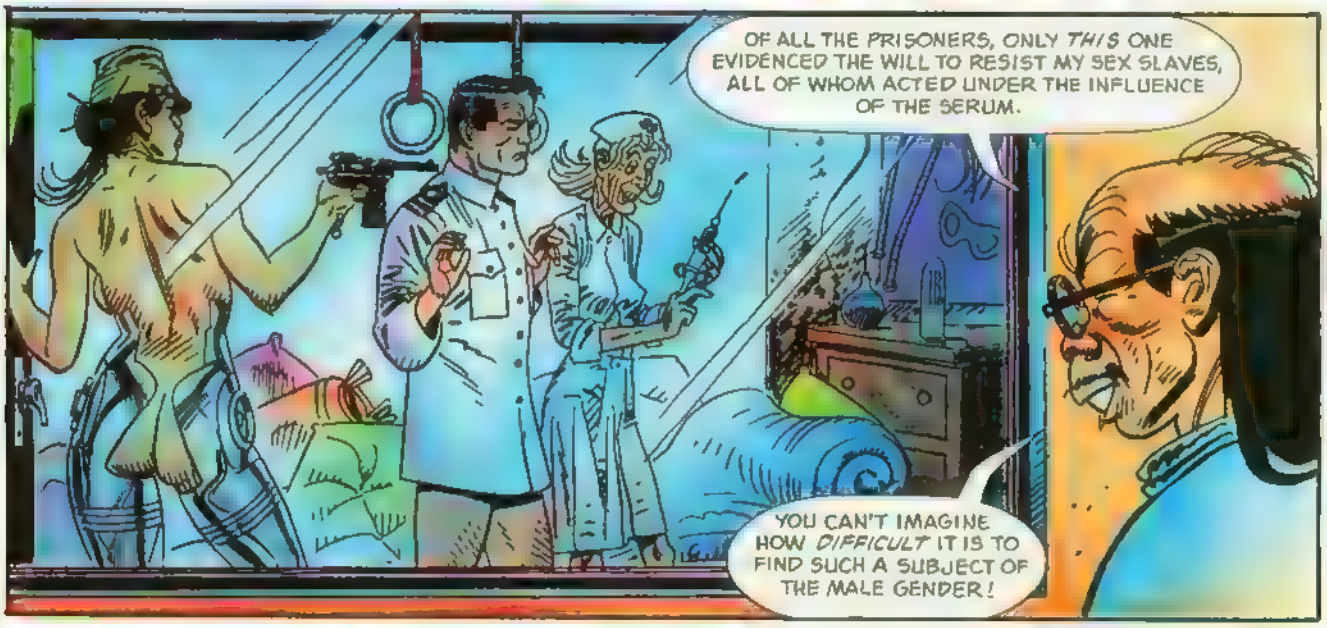
SO WE MEET AGAIN!
I SEE YOU'RE ADMIRING MY NEW ORGAN! AND WELL YOU SHOULD, FOR IT WAS *YOU* WHO NECESSITATED ITS CREATION!

FORTUNATELY, I AM A GENIUS IN THE SCIENCE OF *MECHO-PROSTHETICS!* NOT TO MENTION MY EXPERTISE IN *FEMALE ENDOCRINOLOGY,* WHICH PERMITTED ME TO UNLOCK *YOUR* PARTICULAR SECRET. . *DOCTOR DARE!*


I REALIZE I MUST NOT LET YOU *CLIMAX,* BUT MY NEW APPENDAGE LEAVES LITTLE TIME FOR SUCH *NICETIES!*

NEVERTHELESS, YOU SOON WILL BE *BEGGING* FOR ITS HEAVY TOUCH!
IN YOUR WET DREAMS, DICKLESS!

YOU UNDERESTIMATE MY LATEST SERUM! IT CAN STIMULATE THE SEXUAL IMPULSES OF THE MOST *REPRESSED* MIND... AS I SHALL NOW *DEMONSTRATE!*


OF ALL THE *PRISONERS*, ONLY *THIS* ONE EVIDENCED THE WILL TO RESIST MY SEX SLAVES, ALL OF WHOM ACTED UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THE SERUM.
YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW *DIFFICULT* IT IS TO FIND SUCH A SUBJECT OF THE MALE GENDER!

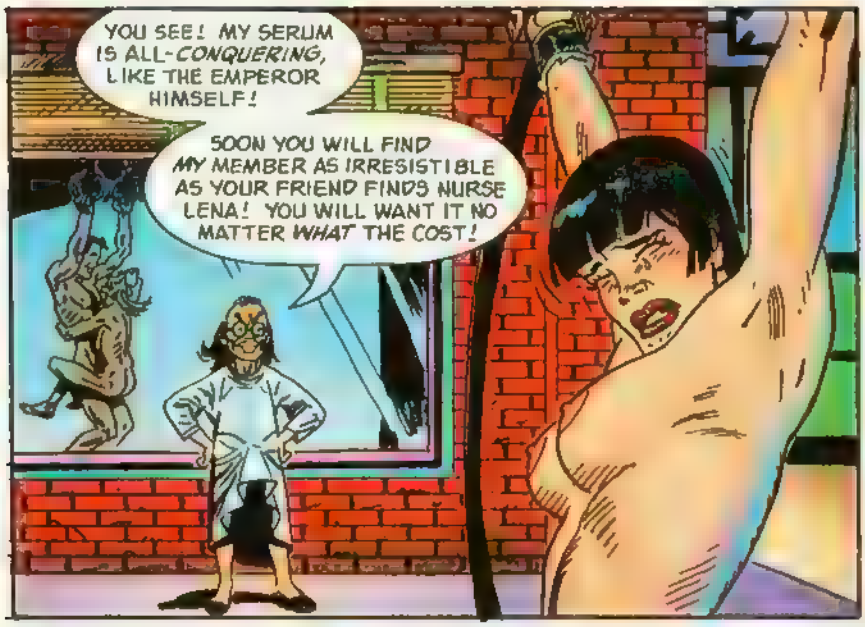
TO DEMONSTRATE THE POWER OF MY SERUM, YOU'LL SEE THAT I'VE CHOSEN THE MOST *HIDEOUS* OF MY SLAVES!
THAT MAN HAS THE STRONGEST MORAL CHARACTER I'VE EVER SEEN! YOU'LL NEVER BREAK HIS WILL!
ESPECIALLY NOT WITH THAT RANCID PIECE OF HORSEFLESH!

ONCE MY SERUM TAKES EFFECT, EVEN *YOU* WILL APPRECIATE THE GENIUS THAT IS *MAMASAKI!*

IT'S KICKING IN!

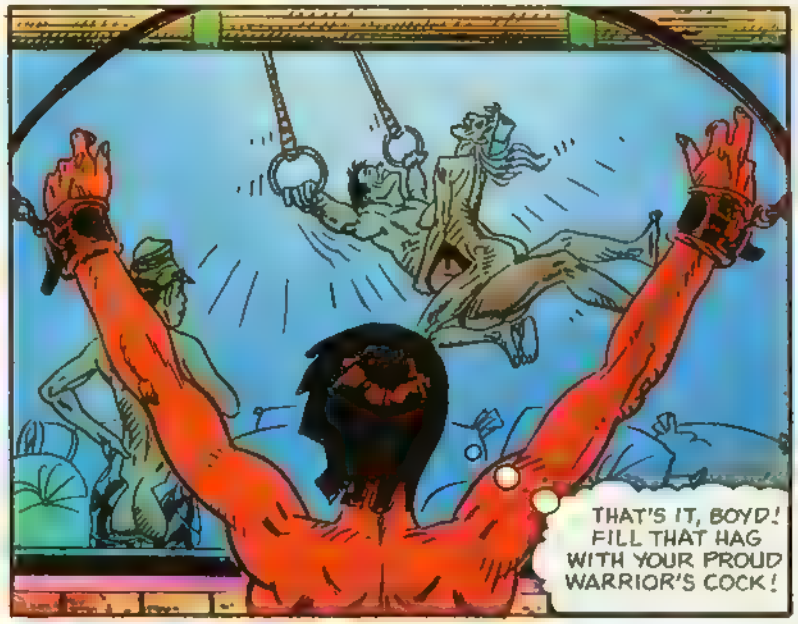
HA HA HA HA! G.I. JOE, ATTEN-HUT! HA HA!

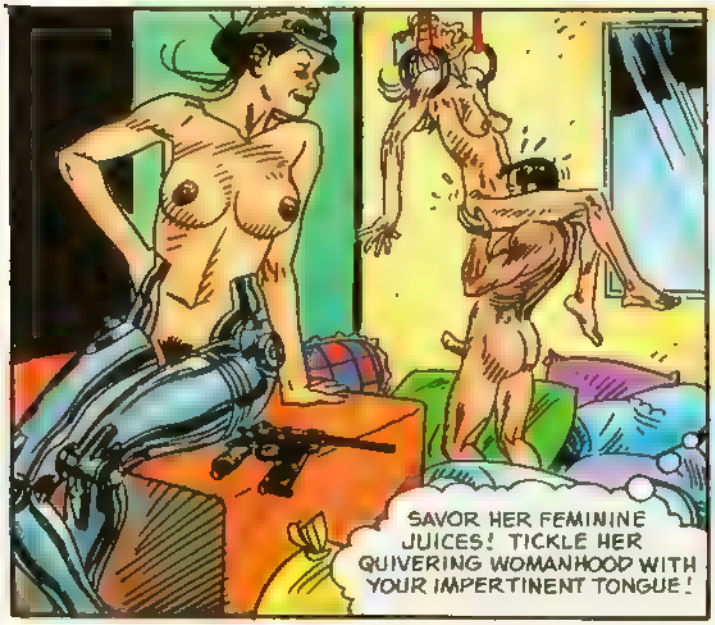
BOYD... NO!


YOU SEE! MY SERUM IS ALL-CONQUERING, LIKE THE EMPEROR HIMSELF!
SOON YOU WILL FIND MY MEMBER AS IRRESISTIBLE AS YOUR FRIEND FINDS NURSE LENA! YOU WILL WANT IT NO MATTER WHAT THE COST!

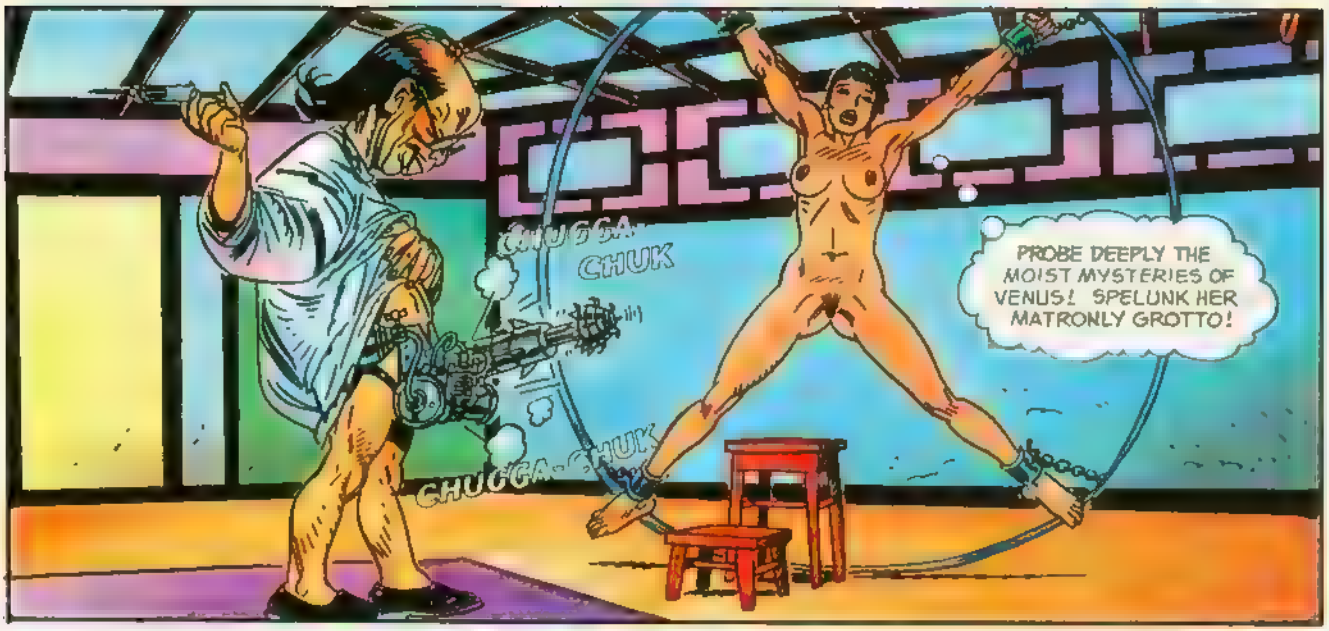
MY ONLY CHANCE AT AN ORGASM LIES WITH BOYD AND THAT... THAT THING!

HAVE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH MY INNER VOYEUR!

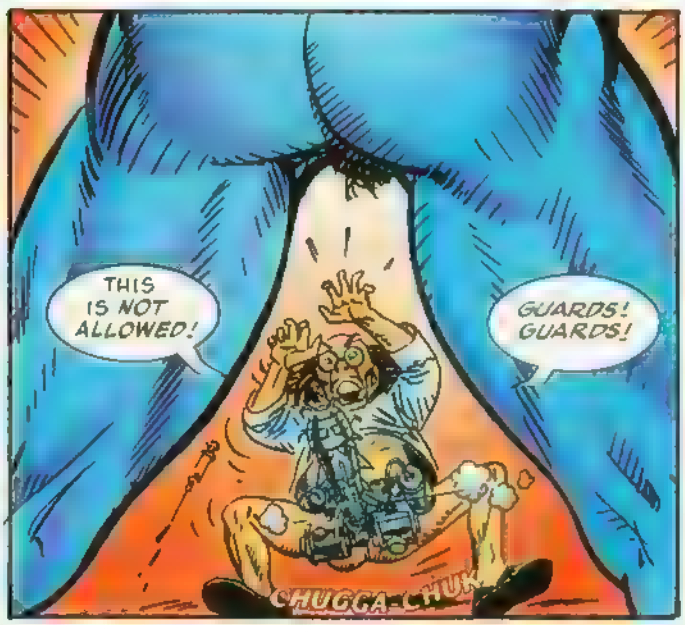

THAT'S IT, BOYD! FILL THAT HAG WITH YOUR PROUD WARRIOR'S COCK!


SAVOR HER FEMININE JUICES! TICKLE HER QUIVERING WOMANHOOD WITH YOUR IMPERTINENT TONGUE!

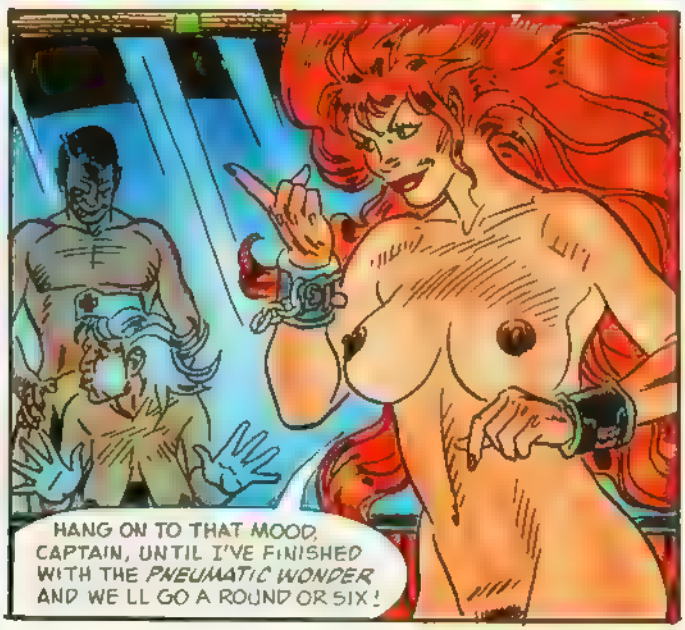
YOUR TURN TO SAMPLE MY CREATION, DOCTOR!
FEEL HER TOOTHLESS MAW AROUND YOUR TUMESCENT EEL!


CHUGGA-CHUK
CHUGGA-CHUK
PROBE DEEPLY THE MOIST MYSTERIES OF VENUS! SPELUNK HER MATRONLY GROTTO!

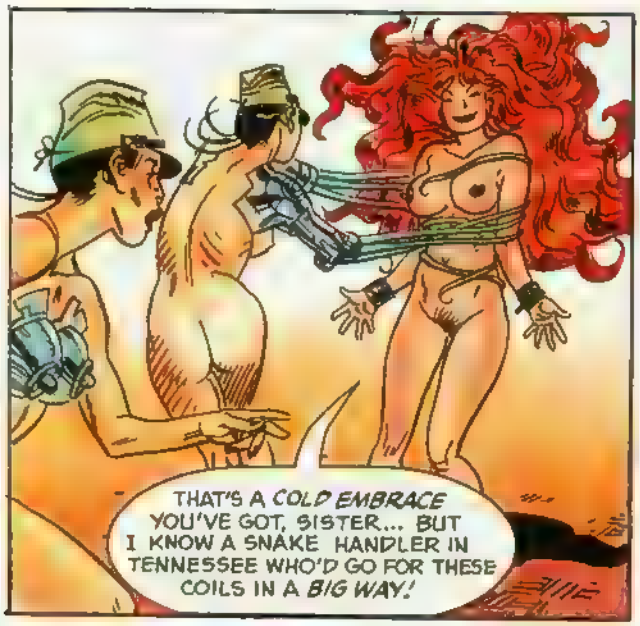
YES! YES! YES!!
NO! STOP THAT AT ONCE!

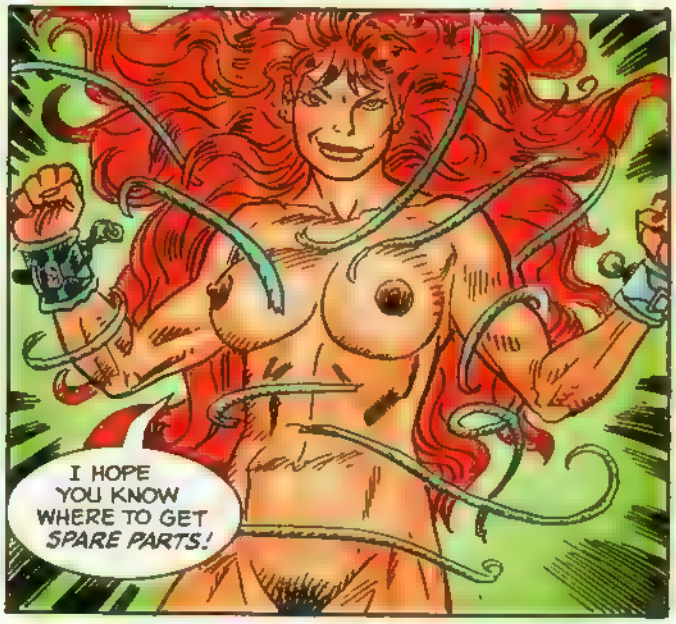

THIS IS NOT ALLOWED!
GUARDS! GUARDS!
CHUGGA-CHUK

OH, THIS IS GOING TO BE FUN!

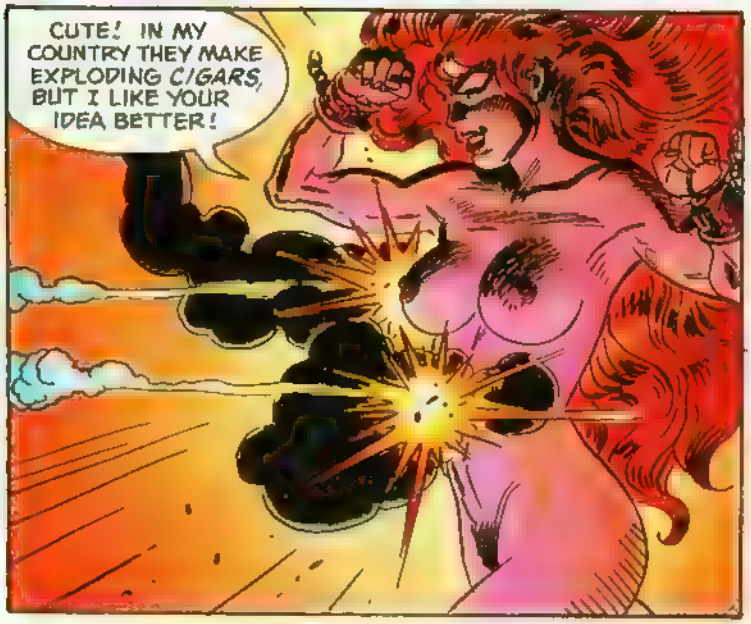

HANG ON TO THAT MOOD, CAPTAIN, UNTIL I'VE FINISHED WITH THE PNEUMATIC WONDER AND WE'LL GO A ROUND OR SIX!

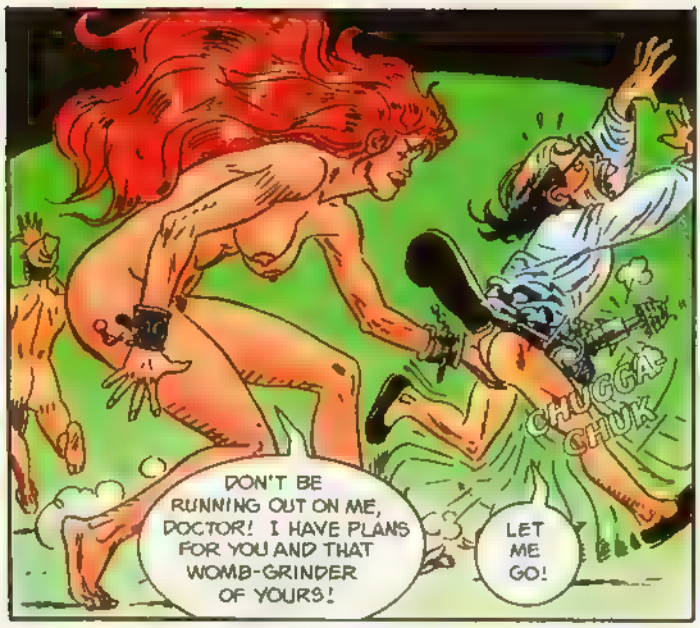
STOP HER! KILL HER! DESTROY HER!
TSK, DOCTOR MAMA'S-BOY! AN ATTITUDE LIKE THAT WILL KILL THE TOURIST TRADE!


THAT'S A COLD EMBRACE YOU'VE GOT, SISTER... BUT I KNOW A SNAKE HANDLER IN TENNESSEE WHO'D GO FOR THESE COILS IN A BIG WAY!

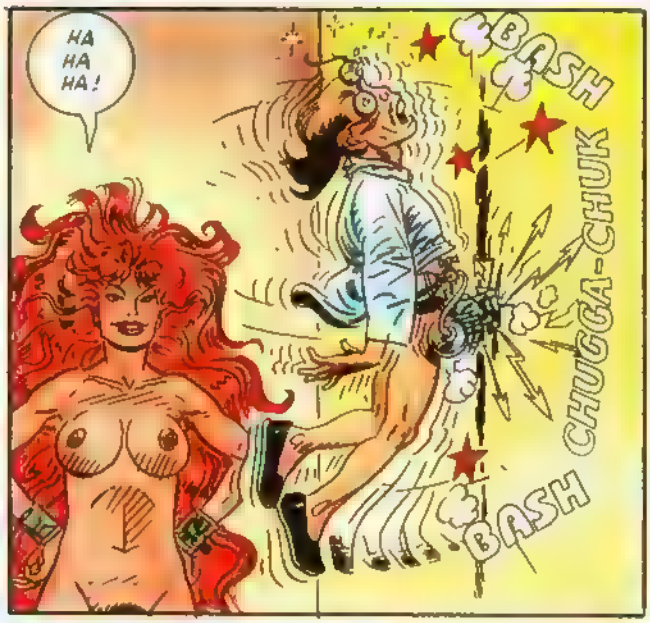

I HOPE YOU KNOW WHERE TO GET SPARE PARTS!

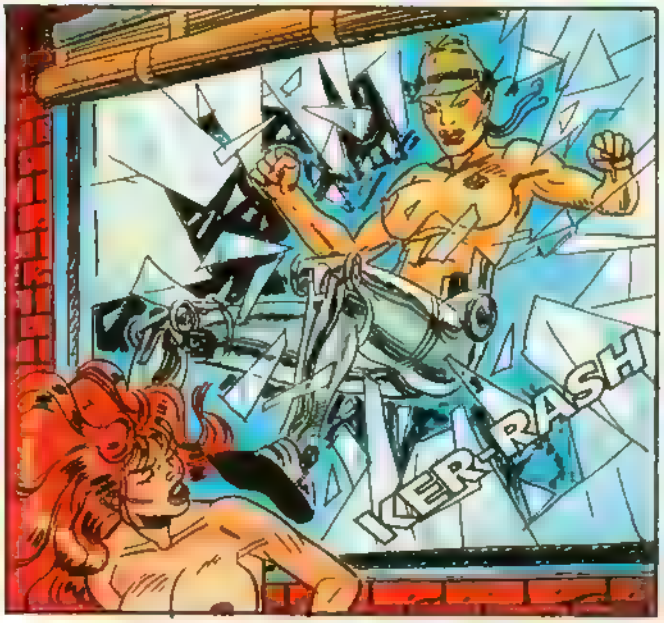
CHEW ON THESE, AMERICAN PIG!


CUTE! IN MY COUNTRY THEY MAKE EXPLODING CIGARS, BUT I LIKE YOUR IDEA BETTER!

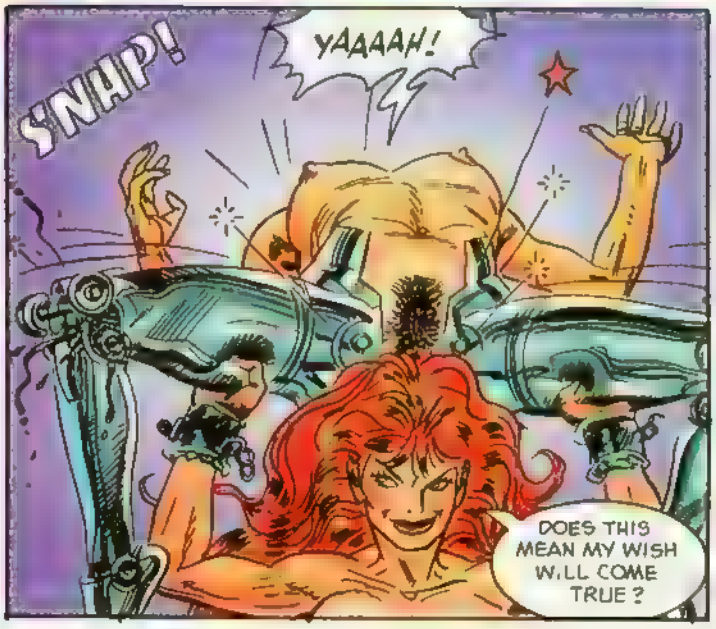

DON'T BE RUNNING OUT ON ME, DOCTOR! I HAVE PLANS FOR YOU AND THAT WOMB-GRINDER OF YOURS!
LET ME GO!
CHUGGA-CHUK

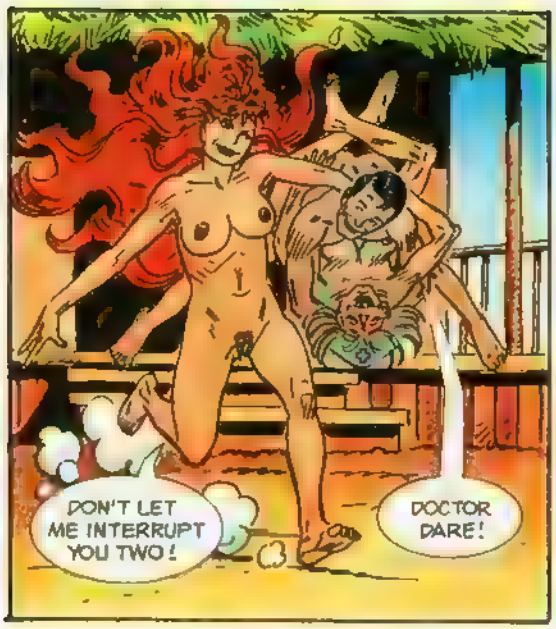
CHUGGA-CHUK


HA HA HA!
BASH
BASH CHUGGA-CHUK


KER-RASH

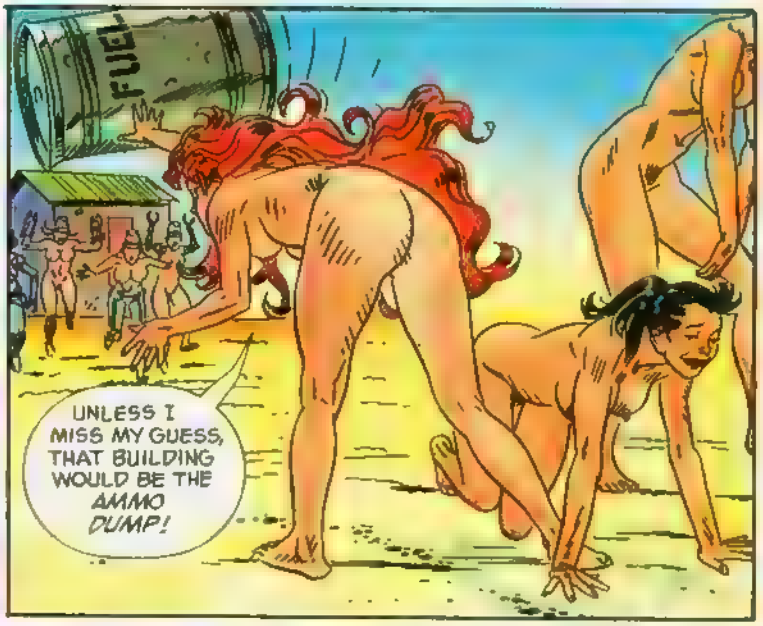
UGHN! THIS COULD BE TERRIFIC... UHH! ...IF YOU WERE FACED THE OTHER WAY AROUND!


SNAP!
YAAAAH!
DOES THIS MEAN MY WISH WILL COME TRUE?


DON'T LET ME INTERRUPT YOU TWO!
DOCTOR DARE!

MY BOLD SOLDIER CANNOT REST UNTIL HE STORMS YOUR BUNKER!
GEE, CAPTAIN, ANY OTHER TIME.. !

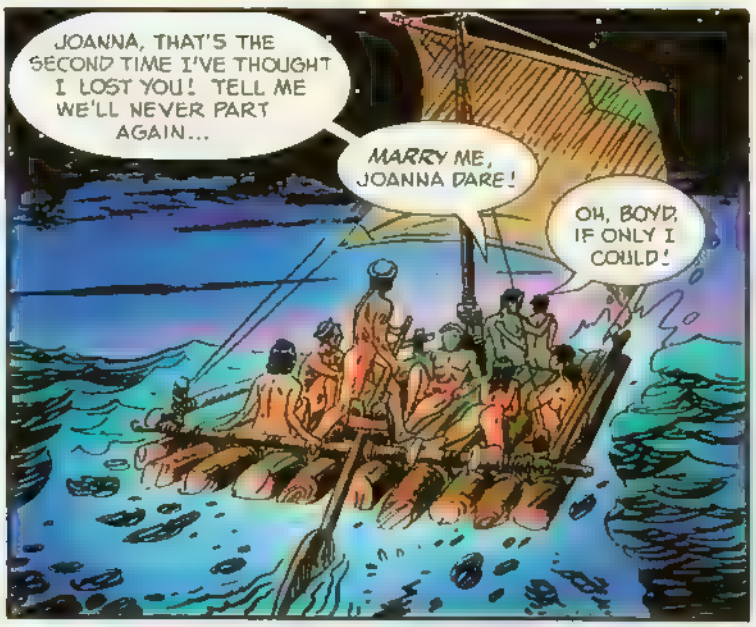
RIGHT NOW I HAVE TO ROUSE THESE POST-COITAL PRISONERS AND LEAD THEM TO *FREEDOM!*

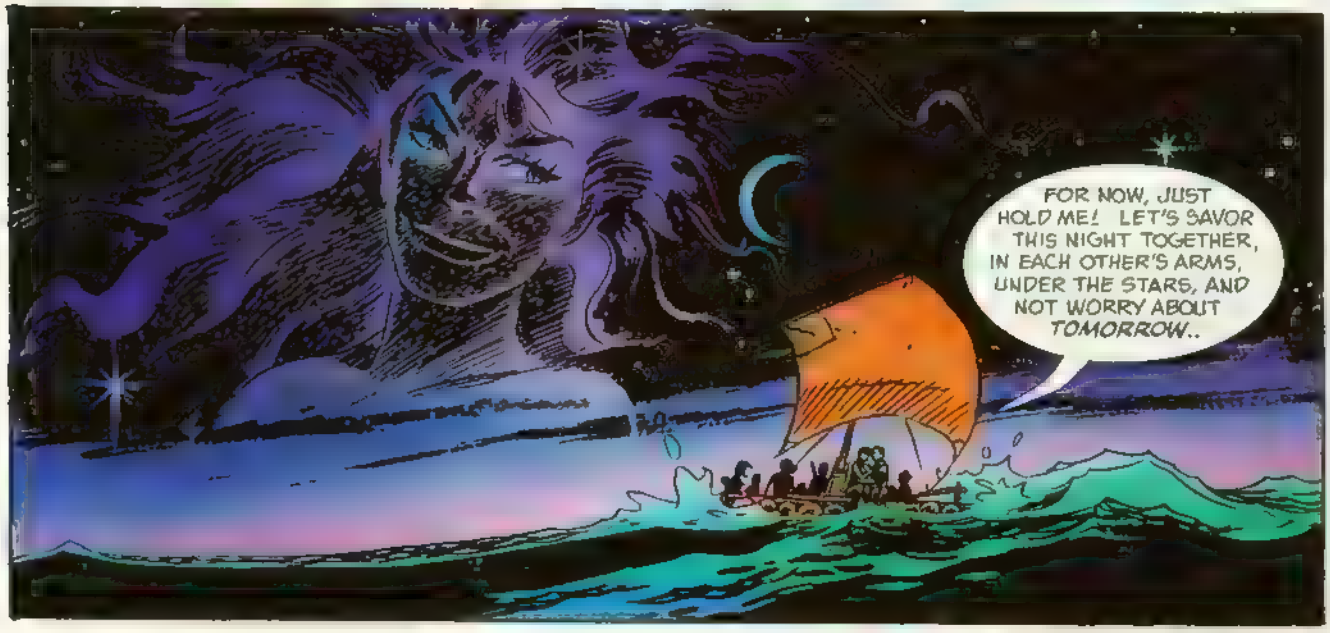

FUEL
UNLESS I MISS MY GUESS, THAT BUILDING WOULD BE THE *AMMO DUMP!*

GOOD GUESS.
VABOOOM!!

LATER...
OKAY, CAPTAIN, ABOUT THAT EARLIER INVITATION...
I WAS DRUGGED WHEN I SAID THAT... OUT OF MY MIND! DO YOU REALLY THINK I'D HAVE SEX WITH YOU WHEN I'VE LOST MY ONE TRUE LOVE, JOANNA?
YOU DISGUST ME!

OH, YES.. JOANNA. I GOT HER OUT EARLIER. SHE SHOULD BE ALONG IN ANOTHER COUPLE OF HOURS.
WHICH DOESN'T GIVE ME MUCH TIME TO BUILD A RAFT!

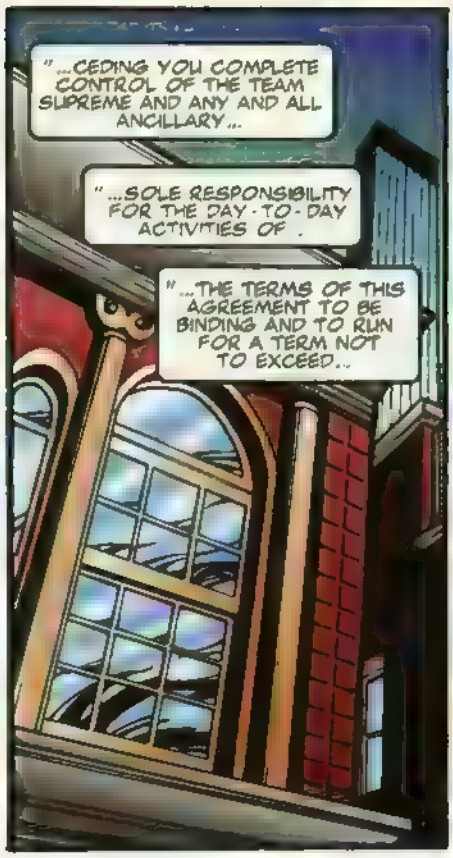

JOANNA, THAT'S THE SECOND TIME I'VE THOUGHT I LOST YOU! TELL ME WE'LL NEVER PART AGAIN...
MARRY ME, JOANNA DARE!
OH, BOYD, IF ONLY I COULD!


FOR NOW, JUST HOLD ME! LET'S SAVOR THIS NIGHT TOGETHER, IN EACH OTHER'S ARMS, UNDER THE STARS, AND NOT WORRY ABOUT TOMORROW..

THE END!

young
CAPTAIN ADVENTURE
FELDSTEIN FELDSTEIN GROSS AND WANKER A PROUD TRADITION OF CLOGGING THE COURTS WITH FRIVOLOUS LITIGATION
GOTCHA!
BART SEARS KEITH GIFFEN TWILIGHT GRAPHICS VIRTUAL CALLIGRAPHY
ART/STORY COLOR LETTERS
CHRIST EM S ALL OF THIS REALLY NECESSARY?
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO WANTED IT ALL ABOVE BOARD AND LEGAL.
I KNOW I JUST DON'T THINK YOU GUYS WERE THIS SERIOUS
OH WE'RE SERIOUS.
HOTBLOOD? WHAT THE HELL IS HOTBLOOD DOING HERE?
HE'S THE MAJORITY STOCKHOLDER DON'T PISS HIM OFF YOU NEED HIS SUPPORT IF YOU'RE GOING TO
RIGHT
BLOOD
MIKE

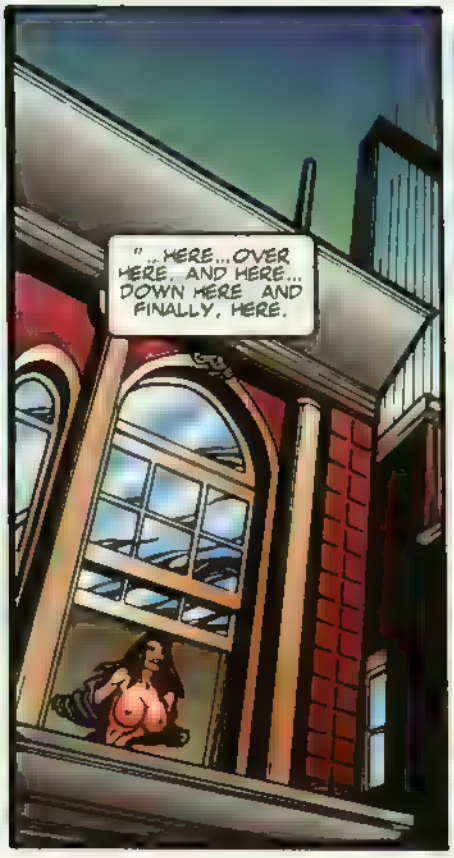
LOOK, UHHH. NO OFFENSE... Y'KNOW?
NONE TAKEN. I'D PLAY IT THE SAME WAY.
'SIDES, I BEEN RIDIN' HERD ON THIS BUNCH'A LOSERS LONG ENOUGH. I'M LOOKIN' FORWARD TO A LITTLE R&R
I WON'T LET YOU DOWN
NEVER FIGURED YOU WOULD, KID.
..PRETTY DECENT GUY WHEN HE'S NOT "PLAYING THE PART"
MR. PIKE! COME IN, COME IN. WE'RE ALL READY FOR YOU
THIS SHOULDN'T TAKE MORE THAN A MINUTE
I'LL LEAVE THE 30 COINS OF SILVER ON YER PILLOW...


"...CEDING YOU COMPLETE CONTROL OF THE TEAM SUPREME AND ANY AND ALL ANCILLARY...
"...SOLE RESPONSIBILITY FOR THE DAY-TO-DAY ACTIVITIES OF .
"...THE TERMS OF THIS AGREEMENT TO BE BINDING AND TO RUN FOR A TERM NOT TO EXCEED...

"...JUST SIGN HERE, NEXT TO MR. BLOOD'S SIGNATURE. AND HERE.. HERE... OVER HERE ..

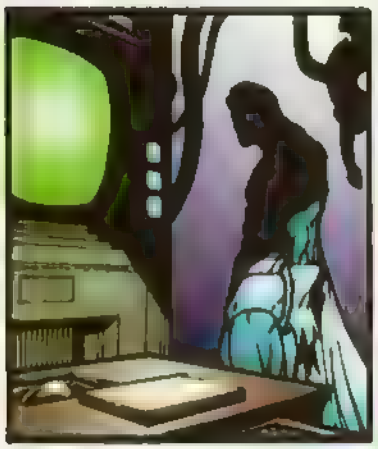
"...HERE...INITIAL HERE...AND HERE...HERE .

"..AND THIS ONE HERE SIGN HERE .INITIAL HERE HERE .


"...HERE...OVER HERE. AND HERE... DOWN HERE AND FINALLY, HERE.

"AHH... THANK YOU FOR THAT, MS JENNINGS. THE PAGE WAS GETTING A BIT TEDIOUS."

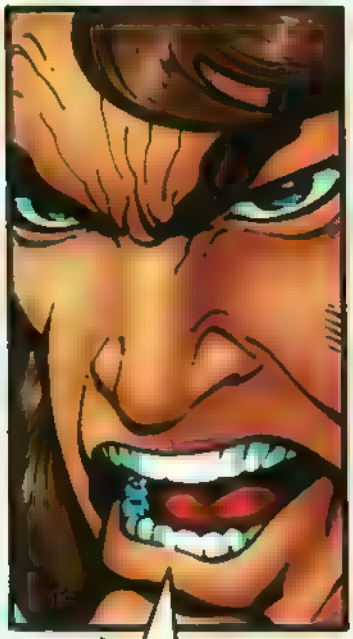
TEAM SUPREME H.Q.
N.Y. REGIONAL BRANCH.
TEAM SUPREME!
TEAM-GODDAMN-SUPREME AND I'M CALLING THE SHOTS! WAIT'LL THE OLD MAN HEARS ABOUT THIS!
MY FUCKING HAND IS KILLING ME! IF I NEVER SIGN MY NAME AGAIN IT'LL BE TOO SOON! BUT IT WAS WORTH IT, EM'! WAS IT EVER!
YOU SEE THOSE PAPERS FLYING BY? WHOOSH! WHOOSH!
AHH..JOEY? YOU MIGHT... I THINK YOU SHOULD GIVE THOSE PAPERS A READ THROUGH.
I...I'M SO SORRY..
?

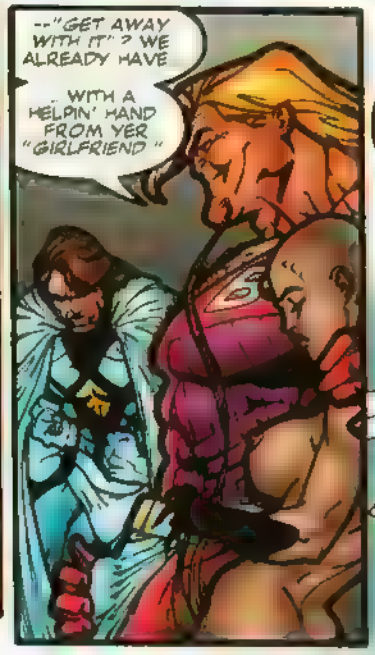


ffixing
signature,
he signee: Joseph
Pike assumes sole
responsibility for
any and all debts
from damages, or
otherwise curren
outstanding. The
debts to be pas
on from the
organization
Team Supre
to the
signee...

n fiscal
sponsibility to
st the natural
ifetime of the signee
and to be passed on
for a period not to
exceed twenty year
to the signees heir
such heirs to be
produced within
ree year perio
rom signing of

nee
luntarily
aives any and
all claims of
proprietorship re:
the organization:
team supreme and
agrees to step dow
from his position
of leadership wi
twenty four ho
of signing, tak
with him all
nabilities
for debts
urred

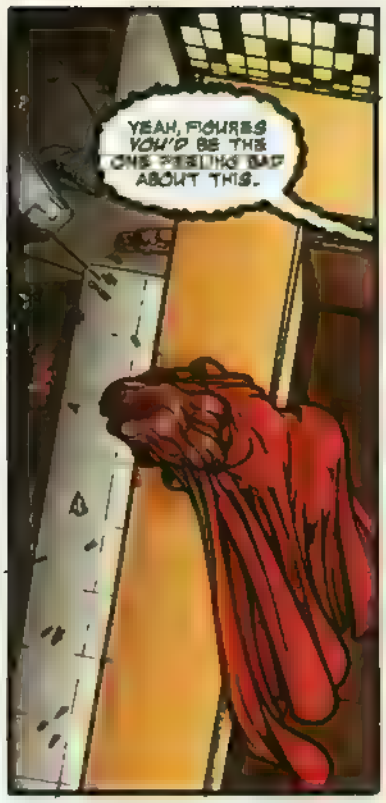


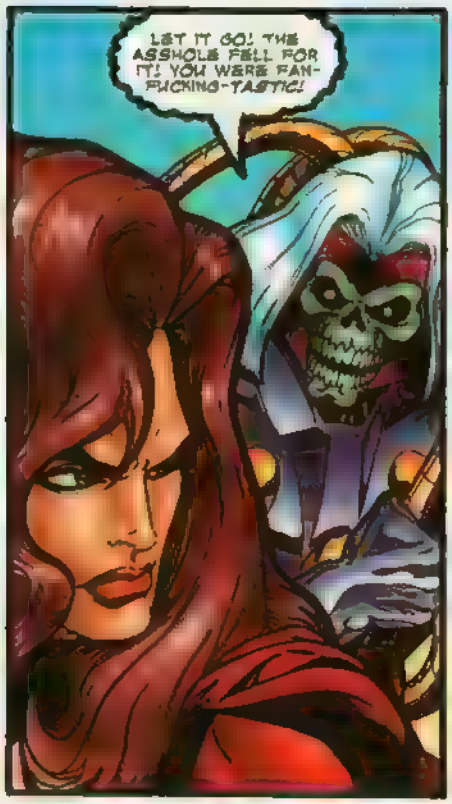


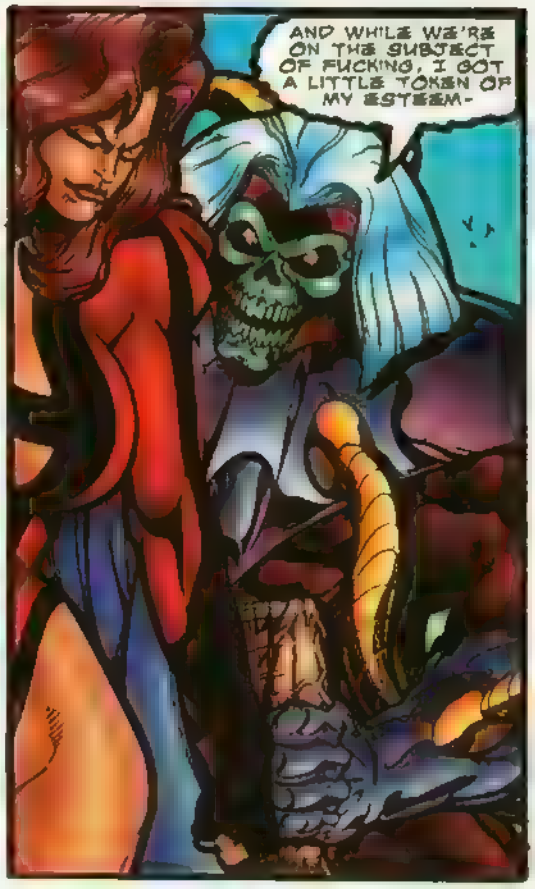
YOU COCK-SUCKING SONS OF... YOU SET ME UP!! YOU'LL NEVER MAKE THIS STICK! YOU WON'T--

PKOW!

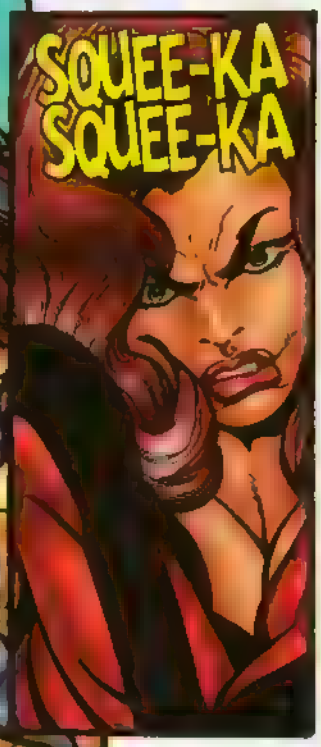
THAT FEEL GOOD? ENJOY IT. IT'S THE LAST GOOD THING YER GONNA BE FEELIN' FER A LO-OOONG TIME.
LEMME GIVE YA TH CLIFFS NOTES VERSION OVER 22 MILLION IN PROPERTY DAMAGE SUITS 17 MILLION IN BACK TAXES
...7 MILLION IN SEXUAL HARASSMENT SUITS! THE LIST IT DO GO ON!
ALL YERS, PATSY-BOY. A LIFETIME OF PLANNED PURPOSE, COURTESY OF TH' TEAM SUPREME!
AND NOW, SEEIN' AS HOW THIS IS A PRIVATE CLUB OF SORTS
..AND YOU NOT BE N' A MEMBER NO MORE .. SPLIT!
OR SHOULD I CALL TH' COPS AND ADD ILLEGAL TRESPASS T' TH' LIST? HAW!!
BOBBDA BOBBDA BOBBDA

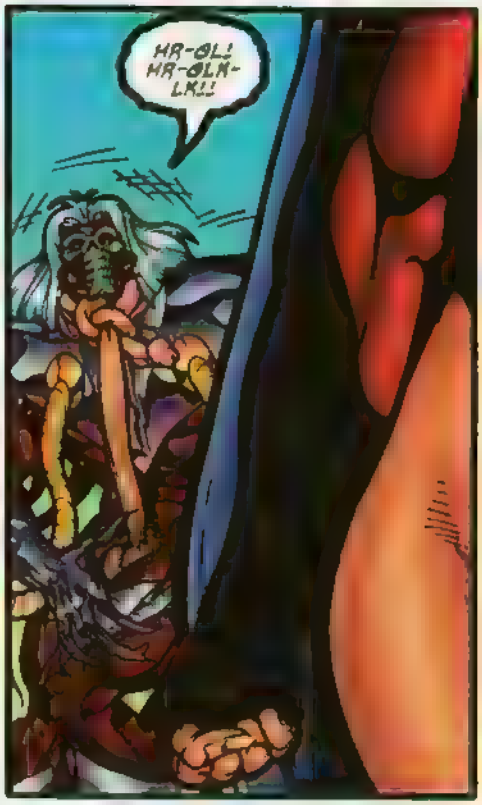

YEAH, FIGURES YOU'D BE THE ONE FEELING BAD ABOUT THIS.


LET IT GO! THE ASSHOLE FELL FOR IT! YOU WERE FAN-FUCKING-TASTIC!


AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT OF FUCKING, I GOT A LITTLE TOKEN OF MY ESTEEM-

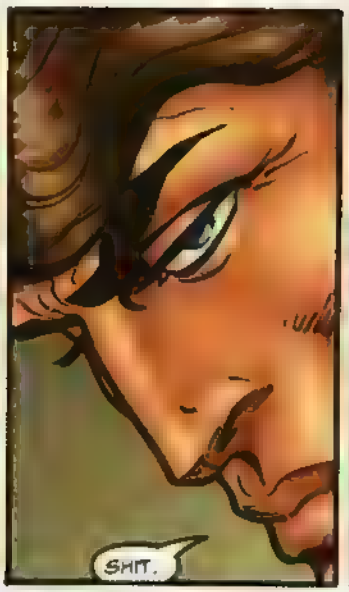
KAH!


SQUEE-KA
SQUEE-KA


HR-OL! HR-OLH-LK!!

ONE WEEK LATER. COMIC-BOOK TIME, THAT IS. YOU SEE, IT'S REALLY ONLY ONE PAGE LATER, BUT IN COMIC-BOOK TIME IT CAN BE... LOOK, JUST FORGET IT PRETEND WE NEVER BROUGHT IT UP SORRY

NOTICE OF LIEN NOTICE OF LEVY NOTICE OF ASSET SEIZURE

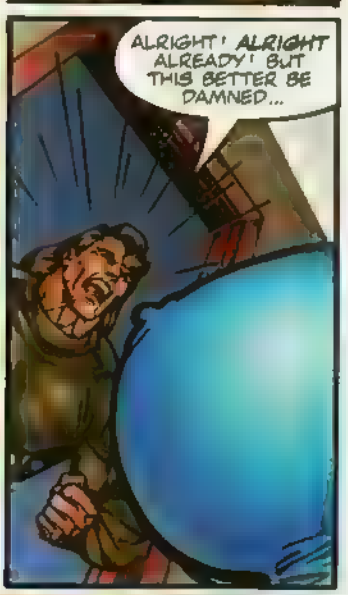

SHIT.

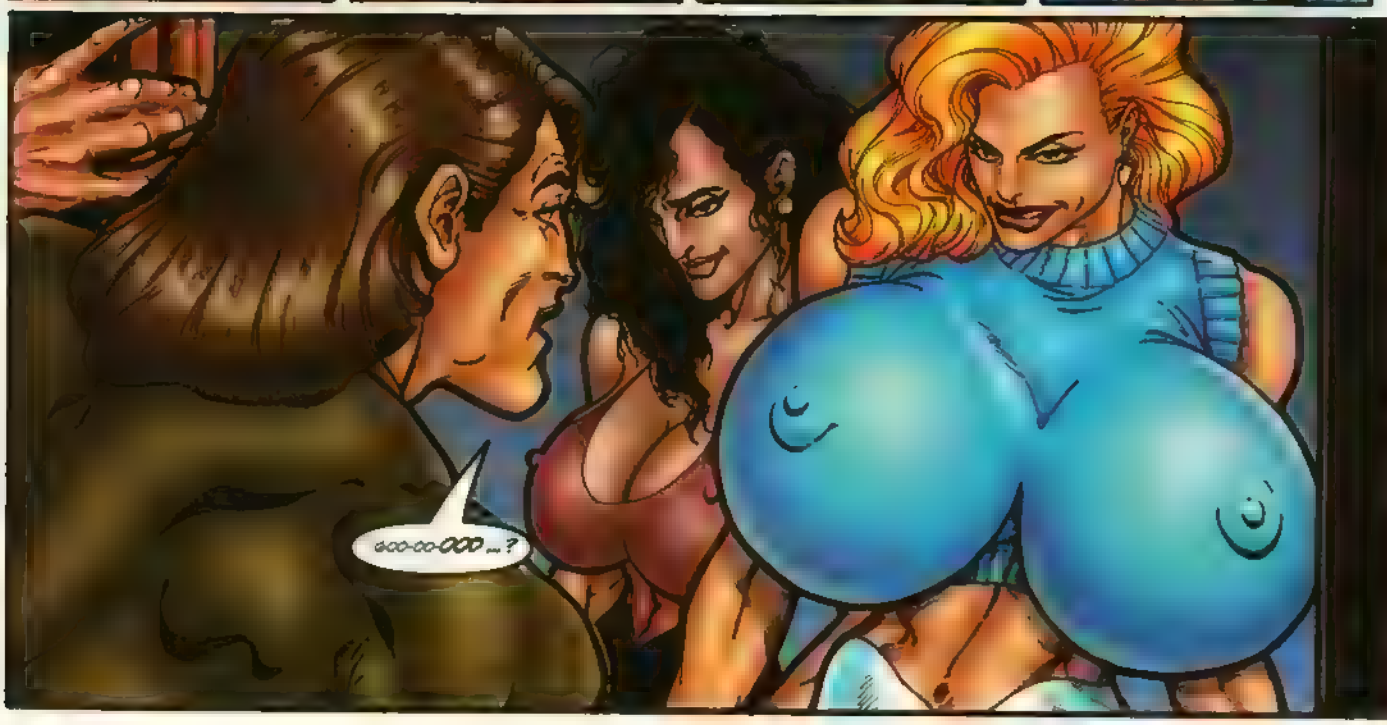
KNOK KNOK
MISTER PIKE?

KNOK KNOK
WE KNOW YOU'RE IN THERE

KNOK KNOK KNOK
WE BELIEVE WE CAN HELP YOU. WON'T YOU AT LEAST HEAR US OUT?

UNLESS YOU DON'T WANT TO GET "OUT FROM UNDER"?


ALRIGHT! ALRIGHT ALREADY! BUT THIS BETTER BE DAMNED...

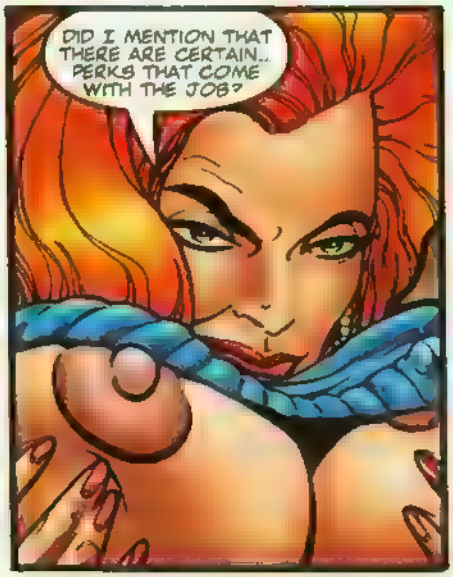

ooo-oo-OOO...?

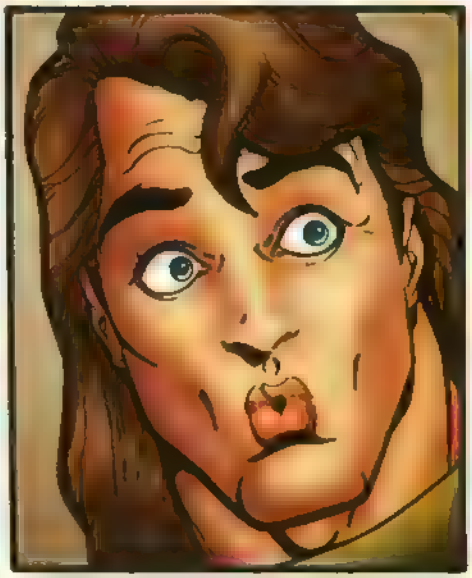
THAT'S THE OFFER YOU AGREE TO PROVIDE YOUR EXCLUSIVE SERVICES TO OUR ORGANIZATION FOR A TERM OF ONE YEAR AND WE ERASE YOUR DEBTS WELL?
AND THIS ORGANIZATION IS...?

A CONSORTIUM OF CORPORATE AND GEOPOLITICAL...INTERESTS. ALL STRICTLY ABOVEBOARD, I CAN ASSURE YOU

I'M AFRAID WE'LL NEED YOUR ANSWER NOW, WE'RE UNDER A PRETTY STRICT TIMETABLE
I'LL BET

NOTHING ILLEGAL
NOTHING


DID I MENTION THAT THERE ARE CERTAIN... PERKS THAT COME WITH THE JOB?

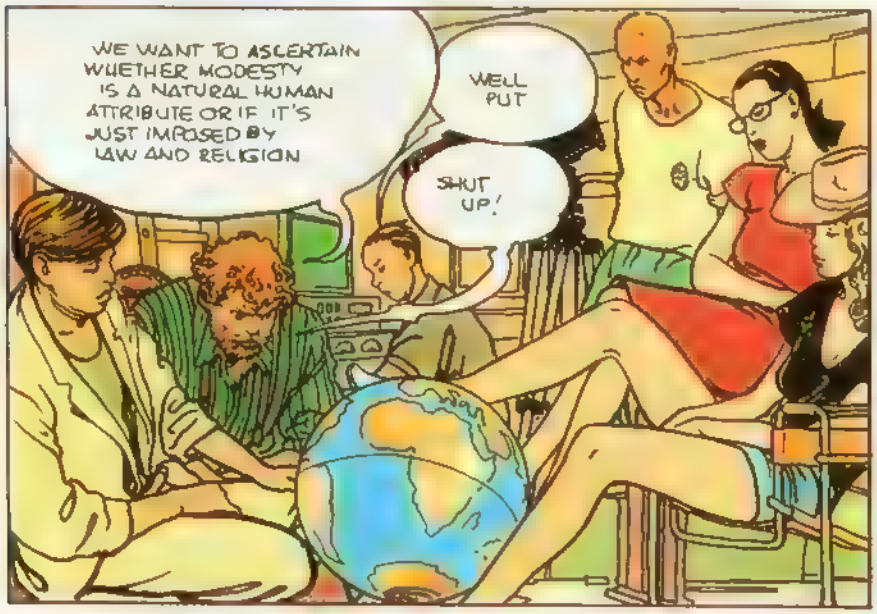


I'M GONNA REGRET THIS... I'M GONNA REGRET THIS... I'M GONNA REGRET THIS... I'M GONNA REGRET THIS...
NEXT TIME
REGRETS, HE'S HAD A FEW...

MILO MANARA'S HIDDEN CAMERA

Episode 1: Sense of Modesty

ALL RIGHT SO OUR THEME WILL BE PEOPLE'S SENSE OF MODESTY
I FIGURED

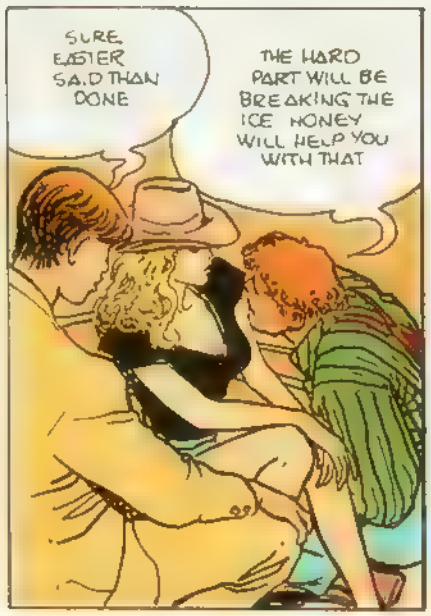

WE WANT TO ASCERTAIN WHETHER MODESTY IS A NATURAL HUMAN ATTRIBUTE OR IF IT'S JUST IMPOSED BY LAW AND RELIGION
WELL PUT
SHUT UP!

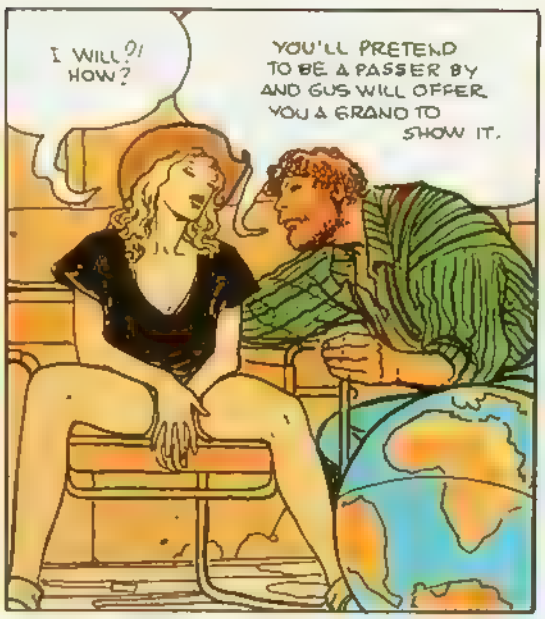
WE'LL GET UNDER THIS ROCK WITH THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL LEVER WHICH IS. ?
MONEY!
THAT'S RIGHT. CASH.

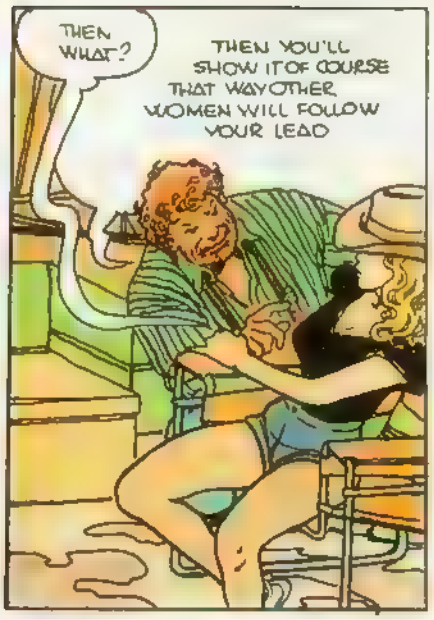
OKAY, MISS LYNX-EYES, MANNY AND I WILL BE ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE GARDEN HOTEL WITH THE CAMERA, WHILE GUS WILL BE DOWN ON THE STREET

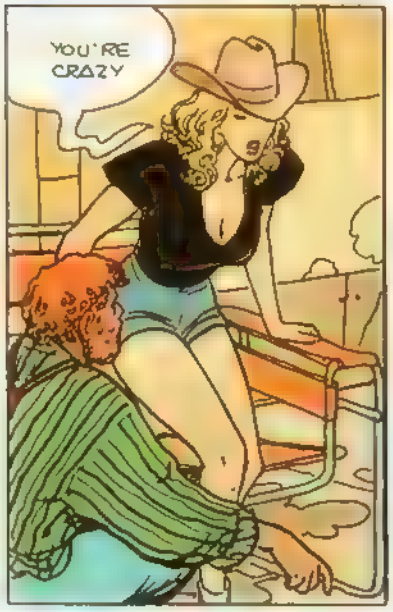
BE CAREFUL NOT TO USE ANY VULGAR TERMS LIKE 'PUSSY' PICK A WOMAN FROM THE CROWD APPROACH HER, AND VERY TACTFULLY OFFER HER A THOUSAND BUCKS TO SHOW IT TO YOU

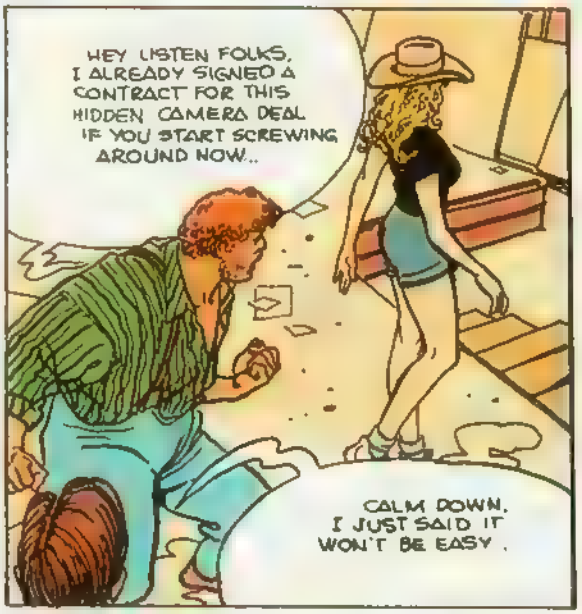
SKIRT UP PANTIES DOWN 20 SECONDS AND SHE GETS A CLEAN THOUSAND SIMPLE!


SURE, EASIER SAID THAN DONE
THE HARD PART WILL BE BREAKING THE ICE HONEY WILL HELP YOU WITH THAT


I WILL?! HOW?
YOU'LL PRETEND TO BE A PASSER BY AND GUS WILL OFFER YOU A GRAND TO SHOW IT.


THEN WHAT?
THEN YOU'LL SHOW IT OF COURSE THAT WAY OTHER WOMEN WILL FOLLOW YOUR LEAD


YOU'RE CRAZY


HEY LISTEN FOLKS, I ALREADY SIGNED A CONTRACT FOR THIS HIDDEN CAMERA DEAL IF YOU START SCREWING AROUND NOW..
CALM DOWN. I JUST SAID IT WON'T BE EASY.

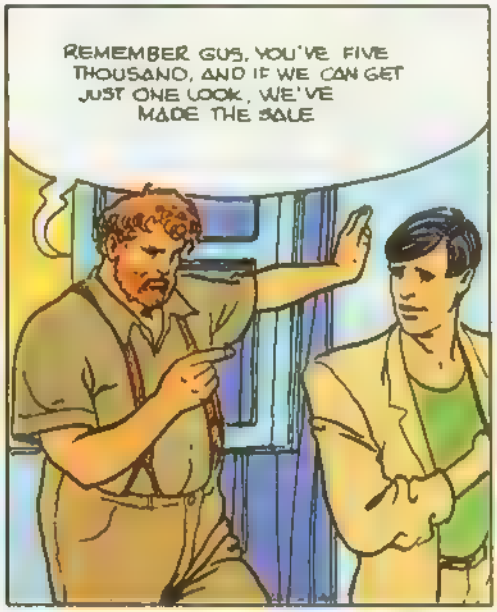
AND I JUST SAID YOU'RE CRAZY I WON'T DO IT BYE ALL!

THE NEXT DAY, ON THE THIRD FLOOR OF THE GARDEN HOTEL
HOTEL GARDEN
HOTEL GARDEN

COME ON BOYS, LIGHTEN UP YOU CAN'T EXPECT ME TO BUY IT WITHOUT CHECKING THE MERCHANDISE MY NETWORK HAS A REPUTATION TO UPHOLD AND I DON'T TRUST YOUR IDIOTIC PLAN!

THE DEAL IS SIMPLE YOU HAVE TO CONVINCE AT LEAST ONE LADY TO SHOW HER STUFF OR I WON'T BUY ANYTHING NO SNATCH NO DOUGH
YEAH YEAH YOU'LL GET YOUR CROTCH SHOT

TAKE THIS THERE'S FIVE GRAND


REMEMBER GUS, YOU'VE FIVE THOUSAND, AND IF WE CAN GET JUST ONE LOOK, WE'VE MADE THE SALE

THERE HE IS I'M ZOOMING IN HE'S GOT TWO OF THEM AND ONE IS SMILING IT'S LOOKING GOOD.

TWENTY SECONDS, OH?
WHA-WHAT ? ARE YOU NUTS ?

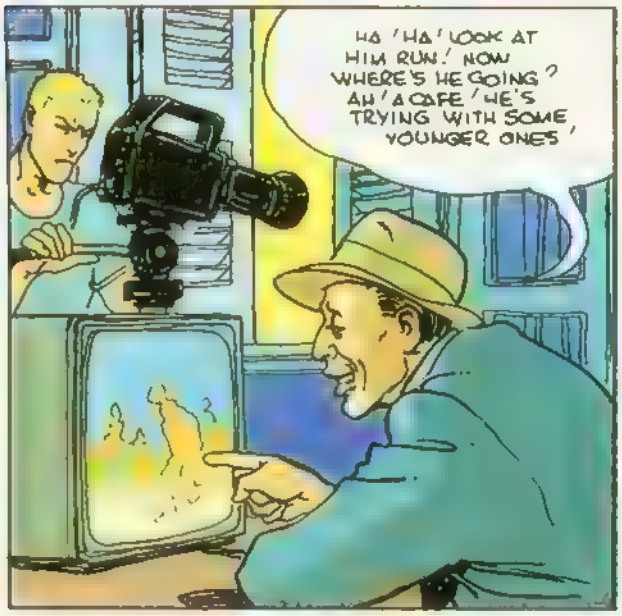
COME ON, LET'S GO! YOU'RE OUT OF YOUR MIND!
HA! HA!

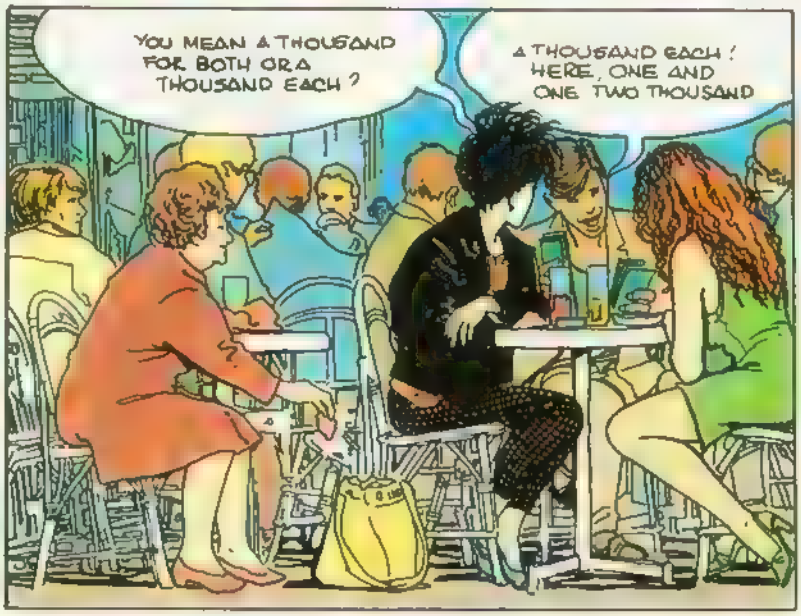
DAMN.. DON'T GO.. WAIT. HE'S TALKING TO ANOTHER ONE ..

INTERESTING ..

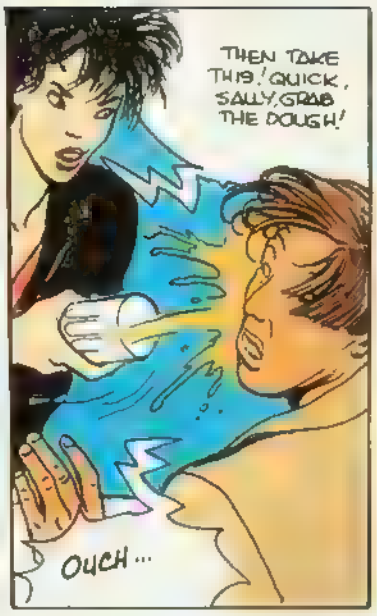
IF IT WAS THE TOP... EVEN AT HALF PRICE, BUT THAT OTHER THING .

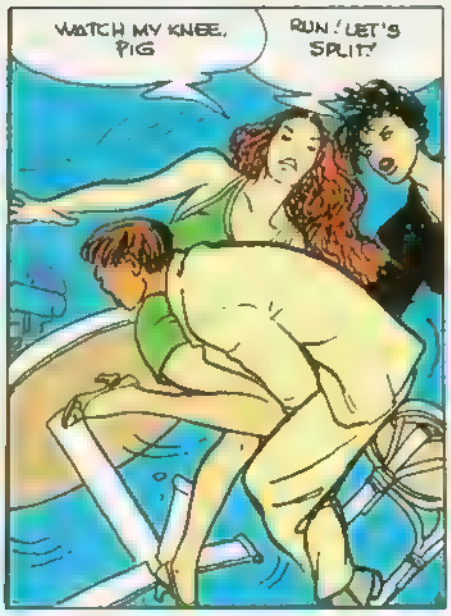
SAM, LISTEN TO THIS MAN'S OFFER
WHAT IS IT?


HA 'HA' LOOK AT HIM RUN! NOW WHERE'S HE GOING? AH 'A CAFE' HE'S TRYING WITH SOME YOUNGER ONES'


YOU MEAN A THOUSAND FOR BOTH OR A THOUSAND EACH?
A THOUSAND EACH! HERE, ONE AND ONE TWO THOUSAND

ARE YOU SURE THERE AREN'T ANY COPS AROUND?
POSITIVE! DON'T WORRY!


THEN TAKE THIS! QUICK, SALLY, GRAB THE DOUGH!
OUCH...

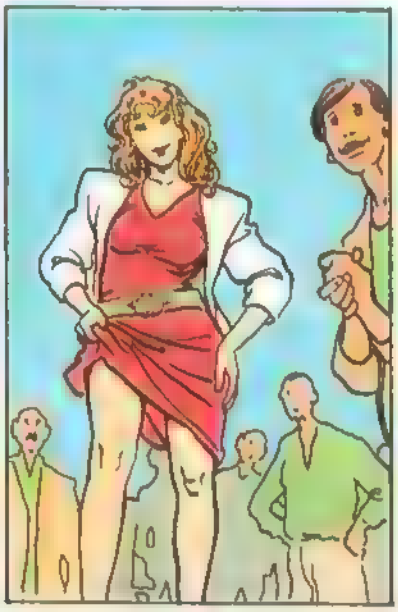

WATCH MY KNEE, PIG
RUN! LET'S SPLIT!

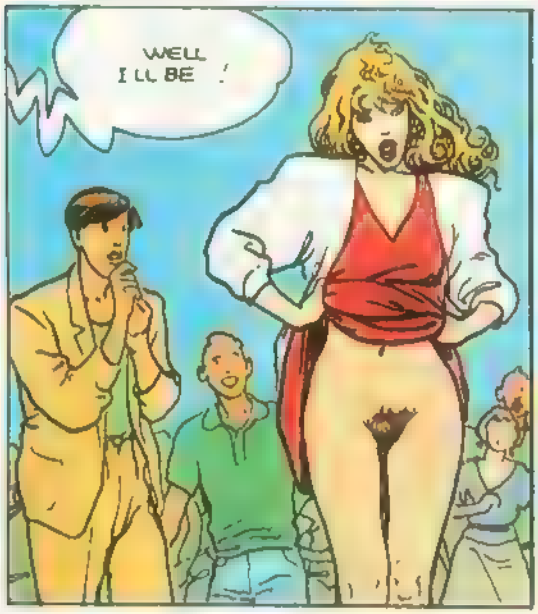
THAT'S ENOUGH LET'S MAKE THIS SHORT YOU'VE WASTED ENOUGH OF MY TIME LEAVE ALL THE EQUIPMENT HERE, I'LL SEND SOMEONE TO PICK IT UP IT'S MINE NOW, ACCORDING TO OUR CONTRACT.
BUT IT'S WORTH MUCH MORE THAN YOU GAVE ME..

HEY, GUS! WHAT HAPPENED? HOW D IT GO?

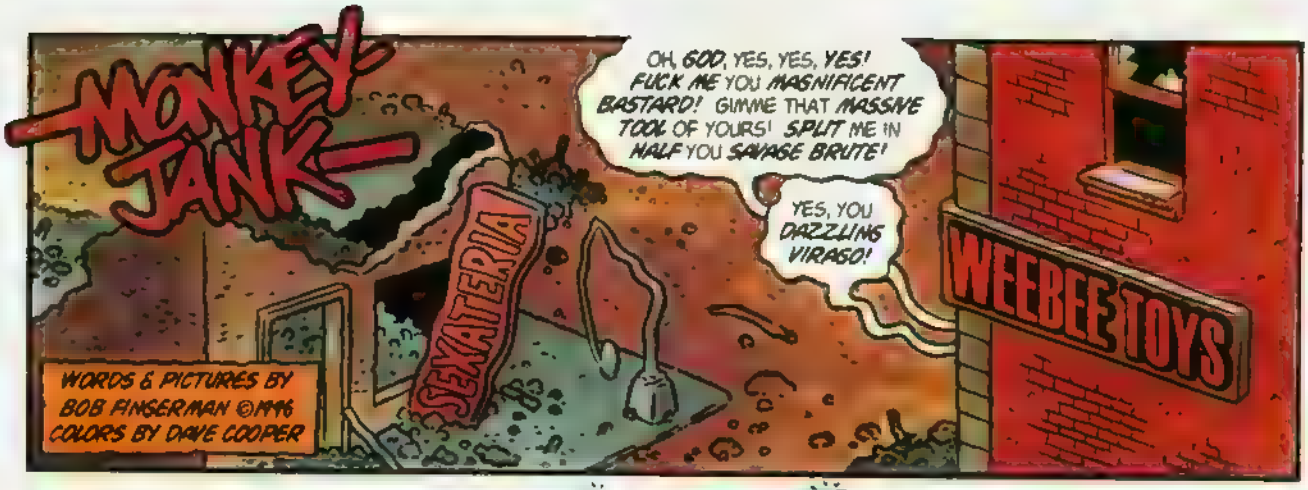
HONEY! WHAT A MESS! WE'RE THROUGH!
DON'T GIVE UP, GO BACK INTO THE STREET! I'LL PRETEND TO BE PASSING BY

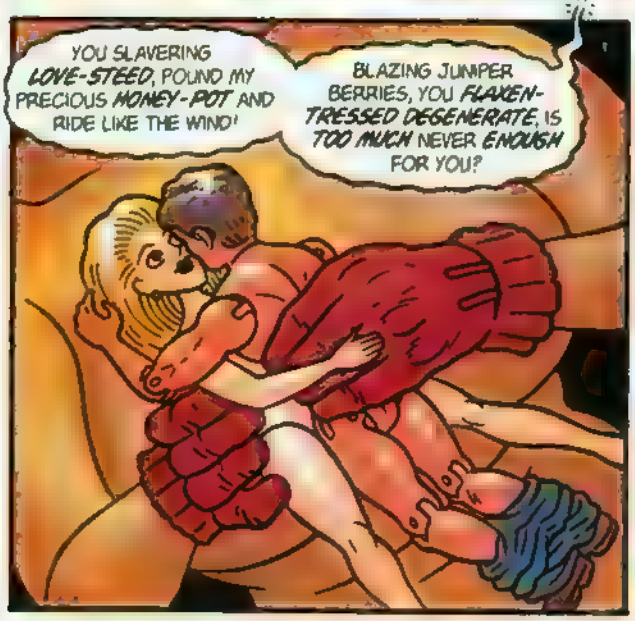
HONEY, NO, WAIT! WHAT ARE YOU DOING? STOP.
NOW DON'T YOU START I'M NERVOUS ENOUGH ABOUT THIS AS IT IS

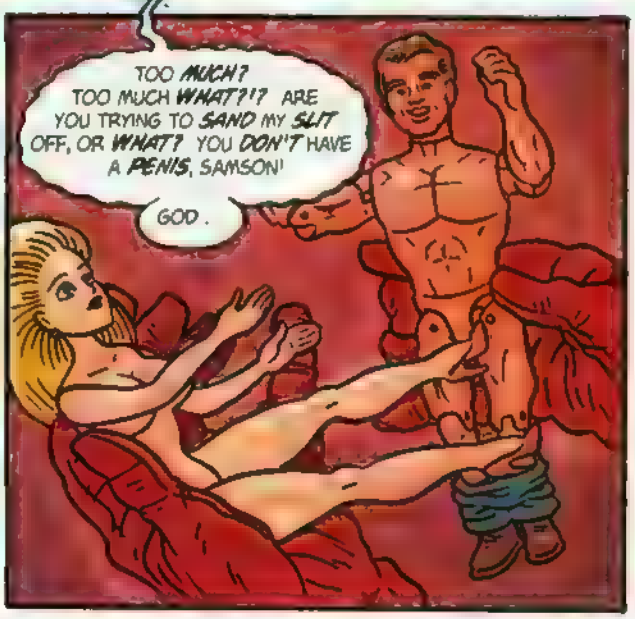


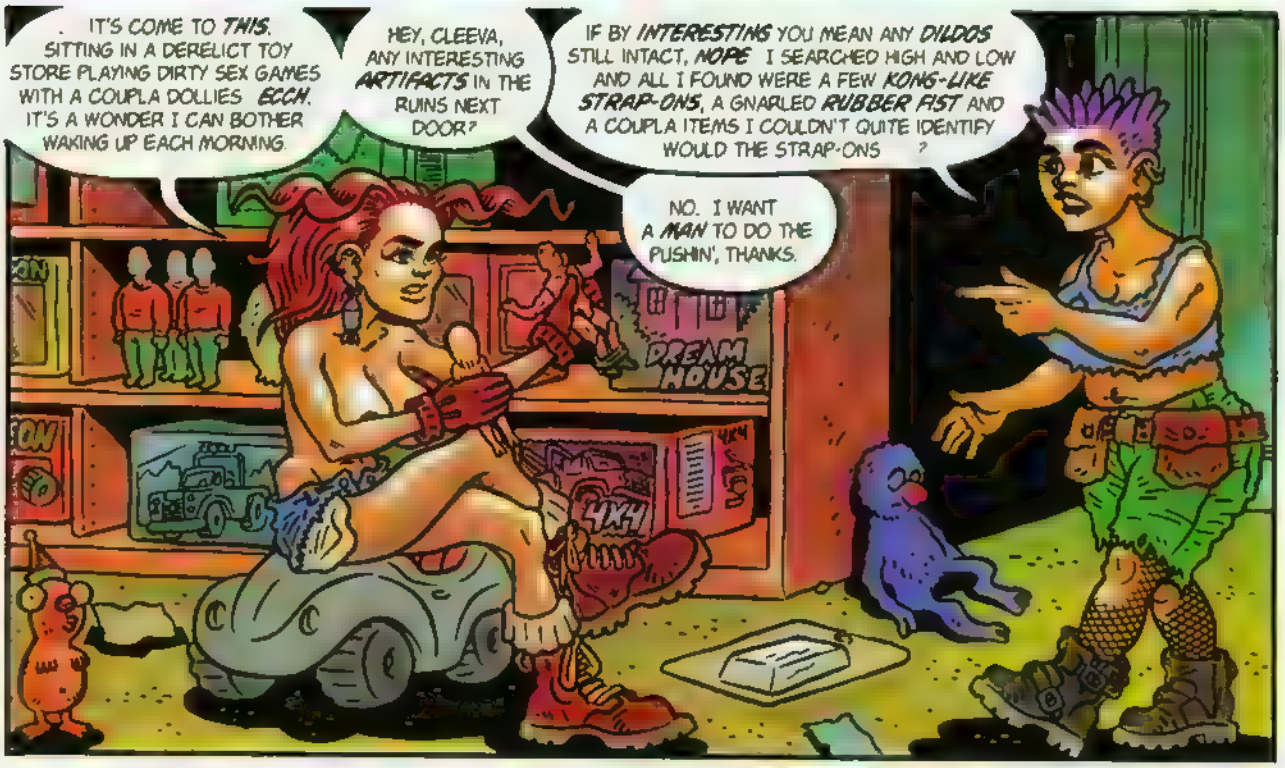


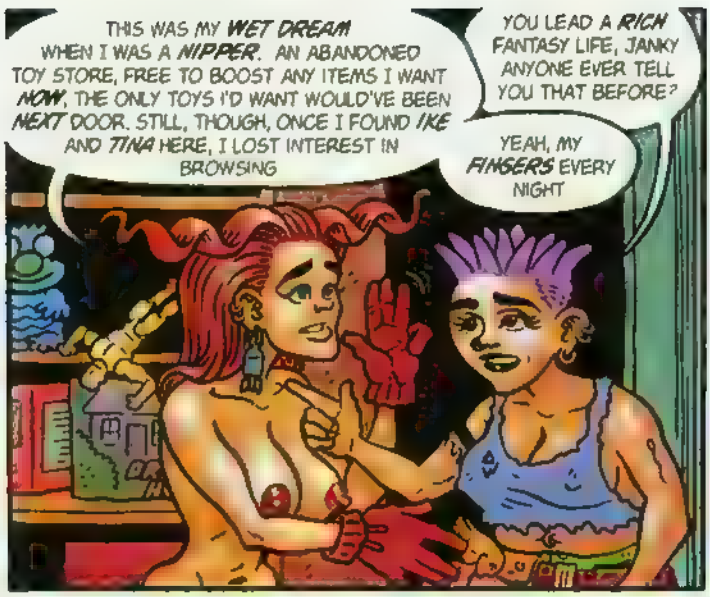
END OF EPISODE ONE

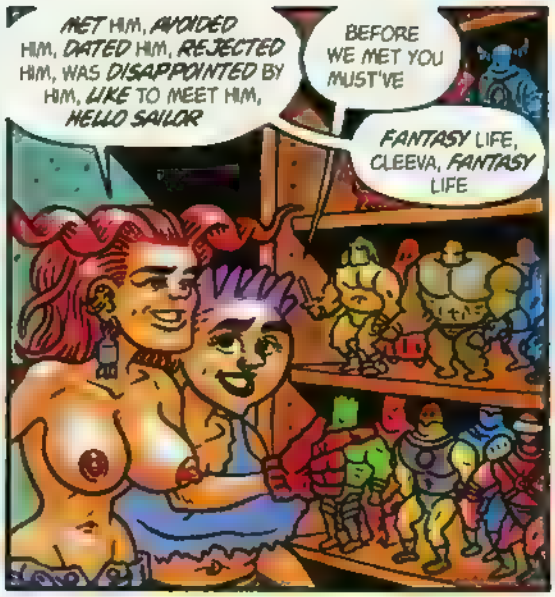

MONKEY JANK
WORDS & PICTURES BY BOB FINGERMAN ©1996
COLORS BY DAVE COOPER
SEXATERIA
OH, GOD, YES, YES, YES! FUCK ME YOU MAGNIFICENT BASTARD! GIMME THAT MASSIVE TOOL OF YOURS! SPLIT ME IN HALF YOU SAVAGE BRUTE!
YES, YOU DAZZLING VIRAGO!
WEEBEE TOYS

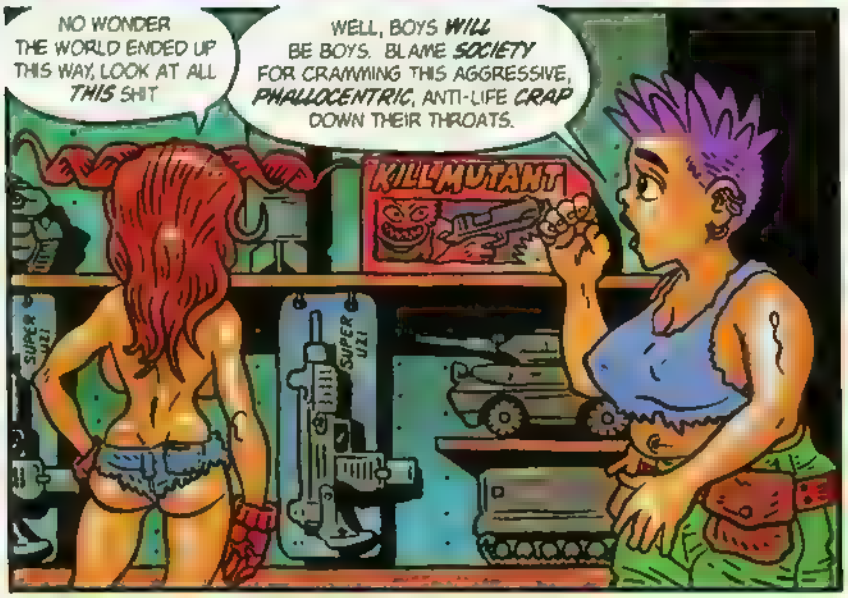

YOU SLAVERING LOVE-STEED, POUND MY PRECIOUS MONEY-POT AND RIDE LIKE THE WIND!
BLAZING JUMPER BERRIES, YOU FLAXEN-TRESSED DEGENERATE, IS TOO MUCH NEVER ENOUGH FOR YOU?


TOO MUCH? TOO MUCH WHAT?!? ARE YOU TRYING TO SAND MY SLIT OFF, OR WHAT? YOU DON'T HAVE A PENIS, SAMSON!
GOD.


IT'S COME TO THIS. SITTING IN A DERELICT TOY STORE PLAYING DIRTY SEX GAMES WITH A COUPLA DOLLIES. ECCH. IT'S A WONDER I CAN BOTHER WAKING UP EACH MORNING.
HEY, CLEEVA, ANY INTERESTING ARTIFACTS IN THE RUINS NEXT DOOR?
IF BY INTERESTING YOU MEAN ANY DILDOS STILL INTACT, NOPE. I SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW AND ALL I FOUND WERE A FEW KONG-LIKE STRAP-ONS, A GNARLED RUBBER FIST AND A COUPLA ITEMS I COULDN'T QUITE IDENTIFY. WOULD THE STRAP-ONS ?
NO. I WANT A MAN TO DO THE PUSHIN', THANKS.
DREAM HOUSE
4X4


THIS WAS MY WET DREAM WHEN I WAS A NIPPER. AN ABANDONED TOY STORE, FREE TO BOOST ANY ITEMS I WANT NOW, THE ONLY TOYS I'D WANT WOULD'VE BEEN NEXT DOOR. STILL, THOUGH, ONCE I FOUND IKE AND TINA HERE, I LOST INTEREST IN BROWSING
YOU LEAD A RICH FANTASY LIFE, JANKY ANYONE EVER TELL YOU THAT BEFORE?
YEAH, MY FINGERS EVERY NIGHT


MET HIM, AVOIDED HIM, DATED HIM, REJECTED HIM, WAS DISAPPOINTED BY HIM, LIKE TO MEET HIM, HELLO SAILOR
BEFORE WE MET YOU MUST'VE
FANTASY LIFE, CLEEVA, FANTASY LIFE


NO WONDER THE WORLD ENDED UP THIS WAY, LOOK AT ALL THIS SHIT
WELL, BOYS WILL BE BOYS. BLAME SOCIETY FOR CRAMMING THIS AGGRESSIVE, PHALLOCENTRIC, ANTI-LIFE CRAP DOWN THEIR THROATS.
KILLMUTANT
SUPER UZI
SUPER UZI

WHAT IN THE NAME OF ANDY DIVINE GOES ON HERE?!? I DON'T REMEMBER ANY TOYS LIKE THESE

YOU SHOULD GO GET "TINA" AND BRING HER OVER HERE, WHERE THE "REAL" MEN ARE
ACTION
ACTION SET

SAY, FELLA, KNOW ANYONE LIKE YOU, ONLY MY SIZE WITH A PULSE? JEEZ, SOMEONE'S BEEN BUSY SOMEONE WEIRD . .
. AND LONELY AND BORED STIFF
STIFF?!? A MAN! A FLESH AND BLOOD, LIVING, BREATHING MAN!
YEAH, THAT'S ME DON'T MIND THE BONER-BOY BRIGADE I JUST FOUND A LOAD OF THOSE NOVELTY PENIS-SHAPED ERASERS IN THE DEBRIS NEXT DOOR
CAN THE BALLOON-JUICE, GEPPETTO, AND MAKE WITH THE POCKET ROCKET!
YEAH, GRINSO, WE WANT SAUSAGE AND WE WANT IT NOW!!!
I DON'T 'M REAL GOOD WITH MY TONGUE, GIRLS!
IF WE ONLY WANTED TONGUE, WE'D BOTH BE DEFT SLOT-GOBBLERS BY NOW! WE WANT COCK, SAMMY! BIG, HARD, THROBBING MAN-MEAT!
BUT BUT . .
. THE RADIATION WITH THE . . .
AFTER ALL, YOU COULD LEARN A LOT FROM A DUMMY!
GASP! VACANT LOT!
CHOKE! Y'KNOW, INSTEAD OF SPENDING ALL YOUR TIME GLUING PEE-PEES ONTO YOUR DOLLIES, YOU SHOULD RESCUE A COUPLA THEM STRAP-ONS FROM NEXT DOOR . . .

THE END!

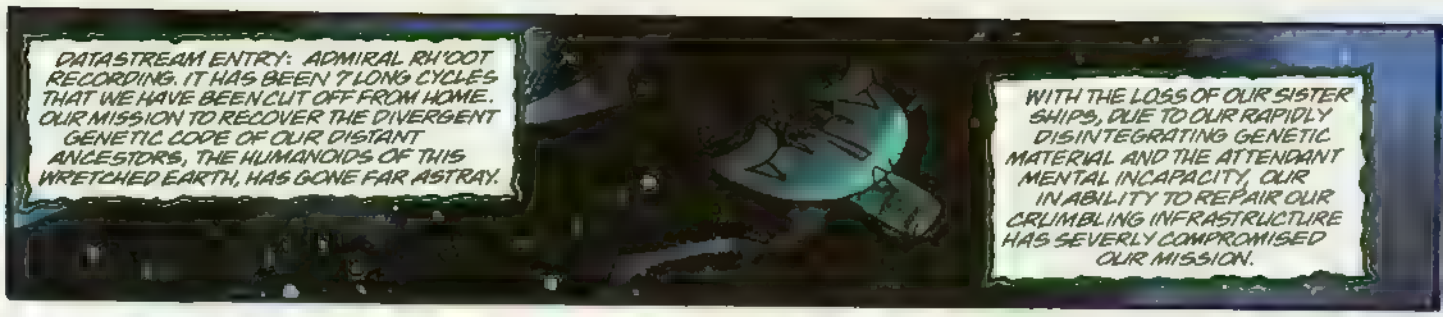
STORY BY:
CARRIGONNI and DIXON

SCRIPT BY:
ELIOT R. BROWN

ARTWORK BY:
JOHN M. BURNS

LETTERING BY:
VICKIE WILLIAMS

ABDUCTED BY ALIENS


DATASTREAM ENTRY: ADMIRAL RH'OOT RECORDING. IT HAS BEEN 7 LONG CYCLES THAT WE HAVE BEEN CUT OFF FROM HOME. OUR MISSION TO RECOVER THE DIVERGENT GENETIC CODE OF OUR DISTANT ANCESTORS, THE HUMANOIDS OF THIS WRETCHED EARTH, HAS GONE FAR ASTRAY.
WITH THE LOSS OF OUR SISTER SHIPS, DUE TO OUR RAPIDLY DISINTEGRATING GENETIC MATERIAL AND THE ATTENDANT MENTAL INCAPACITY, OUR INABILITY TO REPAIR OUR CRUMBLING INFRASTRUCTURE HAS SEVERLY COMPROMISED OUR MISSION.

EVEN NOW, MY FORMERLY HIGHLY MOTIVATED CREW IS IGNORING ALL THE REQUISITES OF OUR CIVILIZATION. THE SURVIVING OFFSPRING ARE VIOLENT AND SUB-INTELLIGENT. THERE IS LITTLE MOTIVATION TO REAR THEM PROPERLY.

MY CREW IS DEMONSTRATING ABERRANT SEXUALITY. THIS COULD BE A PSYCHOTIC EXPRESSION OF THE STRESS OR THE DEGENERATION OF OUR GENETIC STUFF.

MORE DISTRESSING IS THE ABUSE OF OUR MISSION THAT ALLOWS FOR POINTLESS EXPERIMENTATION ON THE HUMANOIDS... FOR ENTERTAINMENT.. FOR ENJOYMENT..

MORAL DECAY IS A NEW CONCERN... THERE IS POLITICAL INFIGHTING TO OBTAIN THE CLOSEST VIEW OF OUR MOST GRISLY EXPERIMENTS... BEVERAGES ARE SERVED.

BUT THE BREEDING EXPERIMENTS SERVE A PURPOSE AND NO MATTER MY PERSONAL DISPLEASURE AT THE DEGREE OF SUFFERING OF THESE BLEATING ANIMALS... RESULTS ARE NECESSARY.
THE PRESENT EXPERIMENT, WHICH HAS PROMPTED THIS REPORT, IS OUR MOST AMBITIOUS...EVEN NOW THE BIRTHING OF OUR GENETIC BONDING EXPERIMENT IS CHEWING ITS WAY FREE OF THE HOST BODY...

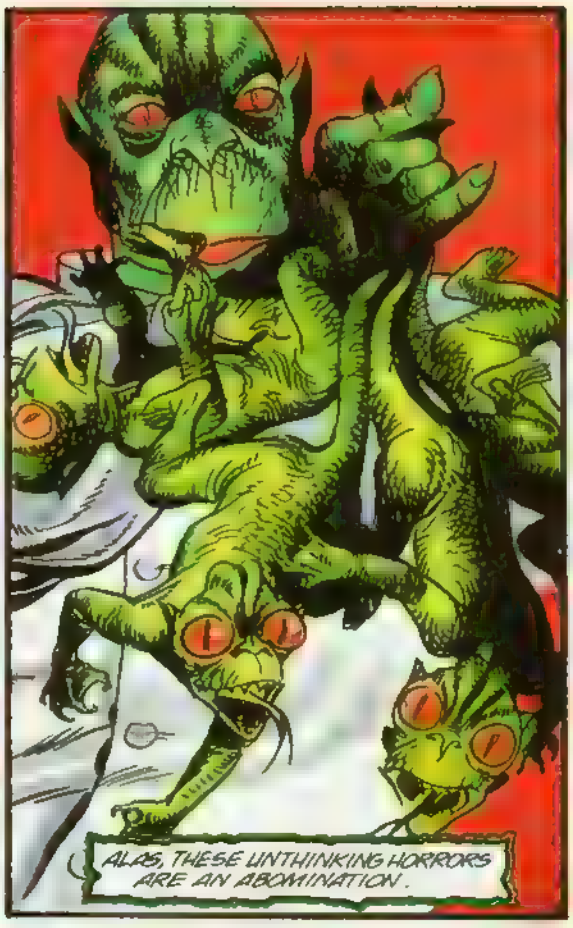
MY LIEUTENANTS, BI'GUN AND DHIKY'ON, ARE WAGERING ON THE LONGEVITY OF THE HOST

AAAAAAH NOOO AH AHHH

AAAAAAAAAA GLUG-RKK
RRRRRRGGG

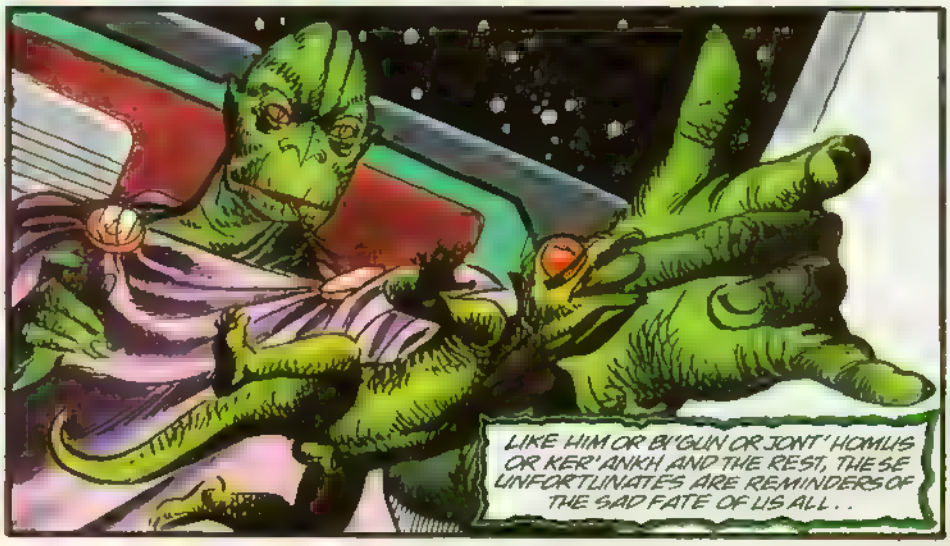
AT LEAST THE OFFSPRING SURVIVED. BUT ALAS, THEY ARE NON-SENTIENT MUTATIONS. THIS DOES NOT IMPEDE THE CARNIVAL ATMOSPHERE AND WAGERING.

DOCTOR SKR'TOMM IS STILL EVALUATING THE MONSTERS. NORMALLY, THE BIRTH OF YOUNG ONES IS JOYOUS. . THE ADVANCED STATE OF HEALTHY YOUNG ALLOWS THEM TO JOIN IN THE CELEBRATIONS...


ALAS, THESE UNTHINKING HORRORS ARE AN ABOMINATION.

...WOULD THAT DHIKX'ON COULD BE SO EASILY DESTROYED

THE PITIFUL CREATURE WHO BORE THEM WILL BE FLASHED AWAY IN A MOLECULAR DISASSEMBLER...


LIKE HIM OR BI'GUN OR JONT'HOMUS OR KER'ANKH AND THE REST, THESE UNFORTUNATES ARE REMINDERS OF THE SAD FATE OF US ALL..

NO ONE COULD HAVE FORESEEN JUST HOW SERIOUS A BLOW IT WAS TO HAVE LOST THE MAJOR COMPONENTS OF OUR EXPEDITION TO MISFORTUNE. OUR FALLEN COMRADES WERE THE BEST AND THE FINEST OF SOLDIERS AND SCIENTISTS
WHO KNOWS WHAT THE RESULTS OF THIS LATEST, MOST HOPE-FILLED GENETIC MELD WOULD HAVE BEEN WITH THE GREAT RESEARCHER TOOBS'TAEK OR SCIENTIST M'EIT DESIGNING IT ?

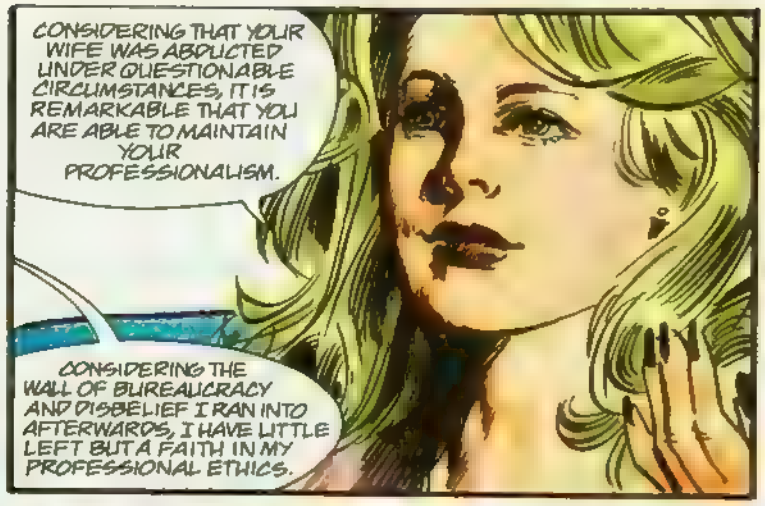
MERCIFULLY, WE CAN END THIS WRETCH'S SUFFERING QUICKLY.

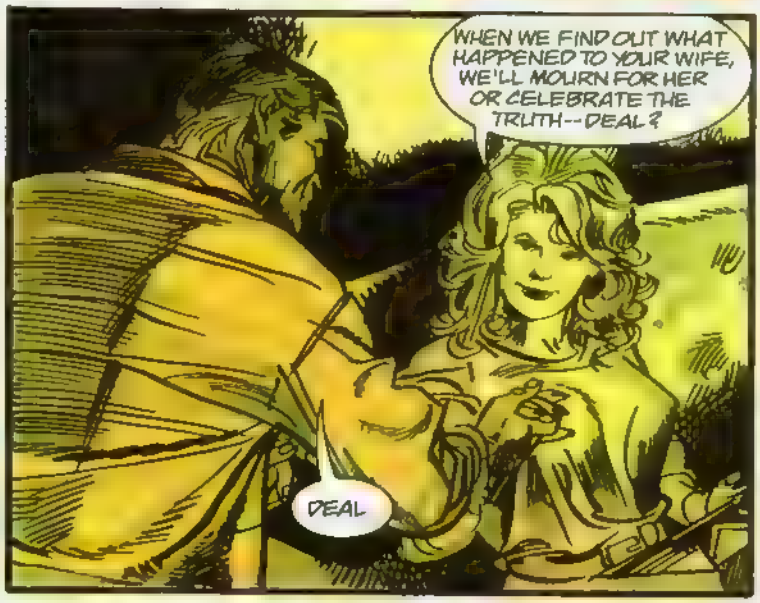
...WHO KNOWS HOW MUCH MORE STRUGGLE WE MUST GO THROUGH TO EXTRACT THE INFORMATION FROM THESE UNIMAGINABLY-DISTANT COUSINS TO END OUR SUFFERING ?
THE OFFICES OF THE NORTH AMERICAN UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT RESEARCH GROUP, PUEBLO, COLORADO .
SORRY, PROFESSOR KINES, THE AMHERST CROP CIRCLES AND THE GRANT, NEBRASKA ONES JUST OVER THE BORDER WERE A HOAX BY SOME BUDDIES. SO THAT WAS A LONG WEEKEND SHOT TO HELL.
DAMN! THEY LOOKED SO GOOD, TOO, THEIR MATH CAME PRETTY CLOSE TO OTHERS I'VE SEEN AND REPORTED ON.

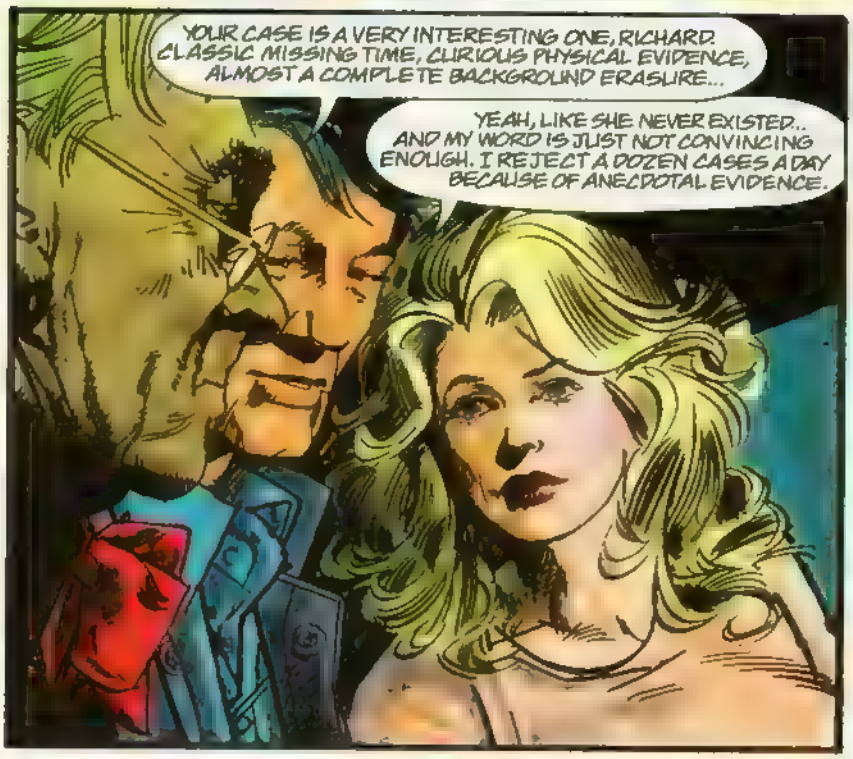
AND FOR A GOOD REASON MY FIRST CLUE WAS SEEING A XEROX OF YOUR ARTICLE IN ONE OF THE KID'S ROOM. THE CAPPER WAS A HOME VIDEO OF THE EVENT
TOO BAD NAUFORG CAN'T COLLECT ROYALTIES.
TOO BAD THOSE ROTTEN KIDS CAN'T SIT HOME AND PLAY VIDEO GAMES.. THIS OPERATION DOESN'T RUN ON GOOD WISHES, Y'KNOW!

THE MATHEMATICAL PURITY OF MANY, MANY INSTANCES OF CROP CIRCLES IS TOO COMPELLING--
BUT THAT MATH DOESN'T MESH WITH UFO FREQUENCIES AND SIGHTINGS--IT'S TOO INELEGANT--AS OUR ACE FIELD INVESTIGATOR WOULD TELL YOU.

NO ONE WANTS TO FIND THE REALITY OF THE SITUATION AS MUCH AS I DO. SOMETHING IS GOING ON IN THE SKIES AND I REALLY WANT TO NAIL IT DOWN.
SPOKEN LIKE A TRUE STATISTICAL ANALYST, THEA RICHARD IS PERFECTLY CAPABLE OF DESTROYING MY BEAUTIFUL MATHEMATICAL LOGIC WITH JUST A FEW QUESTIONS
BUT IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD SCIENCE AS LONG AS I AM ON THE TEAM, I WON'T ALLOW ANYTHING LESS-- PROFESSOR, YOU KNOW MY REASONS


CONSIDERING THAT YOUR WIFE WAS ABDUCTED UNDER QUESTIONABLE CIRCUMSTANCES, IT IS REMARKABLE THAT YOU ARE ABLE TO MAINTAIN YOUR PROFESSIONALISM.
CONSIDERING THE WALL OF BUREAUCRACY AND DISBELIEF I RAN INTO AFTERWARDS, I HAVE LITTLE LEFT BUT A FAITH IN MY PROFESSIONAL ETHICS.


WHEN WE FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR WIFE, WE'LL MOURN FOR HER OR CELEBRATE THE TRUTH--DEAL?
DEAL


YOUR CASE IS A VERY INTERESTING ONE, RICHARD. CLASSIC MISSING TIME, CURIOUS PHYSICAL EVIDENCE, ALMOST A COMPLETE BACKGROUND ERASURE...
YEAH, LIKE SHE NEVER EXISTED.. AND MY WORD IS JUST NOT CONVINCING ENOUGH. I REJECT A DOZEN CASES A DAY BECAUSE OF ANECDOTAL EVIDENCE.

BUT IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR US. PEOPLE WHO VANISH RARELY LEAVE NOTHING BEHIND IN THEIR WAKE... PICK AWAY AT SOMETHING HARD ENOUGH

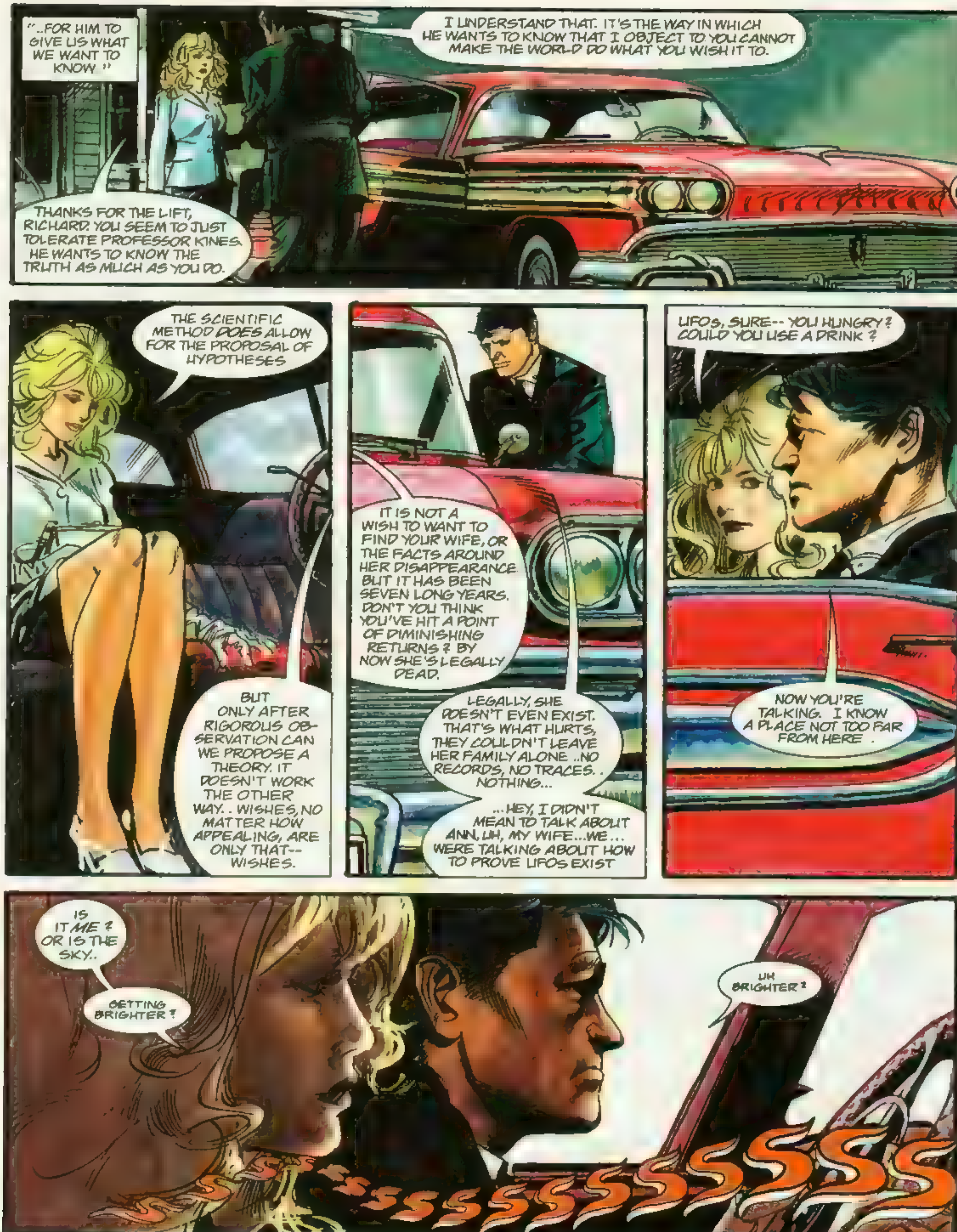
...AND CRACKS DEVELOP. THEN, SOMETIMES, THE TRUTH WILL BE REVEALED
I THOUGHT I WAS DOING ALL THE RIGHT THINGS...PLAYING BY THE RULES... I THOUGHT THE TRUTH WOULD SHOW ITSELF BY NOW...

SUB-BASEMENT SITUATION DISPLAY ROOM, AERIAL PHENOMENON INVESTIGATION AND RESPONSE FORCE, CHEYENNE MOUNTAIN, COLORADO..
BUT I KEEP SMACKING UP AGAINST THIS WALL. . IF IT'S NOT THE GOVERNMENT... IT'S WITHIN MYSELF. .
C'MON, KID, JUST BREAK THROUGH IT. . THAT'S ALL WE NEED.
COLONEL ABRAMS, WE'VE BEEN WATCHING THIS GUY FOR YEARS. IF HE OPENS UP WHILE I'M ON DUTY, I'LL TAKE EARLY RETIREMENT.

GENERAL TULLY, I'D SETTLE FOR BEING ABLE TO TAKE SOME ACTION.
YOU KNOW OUR ORDERS, COLONEL. WE HAVE A CRITICAL THRESHOLD OF NEEDED INFORMATION. ONCE HE CROSSES IT, THEN WE POUNCE. SO FAR, I DON'T KNOW WHY THIS GUY HAS BEEN TARGETED.

ALL THIS PREPARATION . THIS INSTALLATION WAS DESIGNED TO BE COMPLETELY RESISTANT TO ELECTRONIC INTERVENTION. HELL, WE EVEN USE ALL-MANUAL PLOTS AND VIBRAPHONE HEADSETS FOR COMPLETE ISOLATION.
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN AROUND A CLOSE ENCOUNTER OF THE FIRST KIND, NOTHING WORKED, NOT EVEN MY DIGITAL WRIST WATCH

YEAH, I DON'T KNOW WHAT RICHARD NORRIS IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE DONE, JUST HIS CAUTION ADVISORIES ARE ENOUGH TO MAKE ME WANT TO PUT A BULLET IN HIM...
...BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT WE'RE GOING TO DO. WE ARE WAITING AND WATCHING...


"...FOR HIM TO GIVE US WHAT WE WANT TO KNOW."
THANKS FOR THE LIFT, RICHARD. YOU SEEM TO JUST TOLERATE PROFESSOR KINES. HE WANTS TO KNOW THE TRUTH AS MUCH AS YOU DO.
I UNDERSTAND THAT. IT'S THE WAY IN WHICH HE WANTS TO KNOW THAT I OBJECT TO. YOU CANNOT MAKE THE WORLD DO WHAT YOU WISH IT TO.
THE SCIENTIFIC METHOD DOES ALLOW FOR THE PROPOSAL OF HYPOTHESES
BUT ONLY AFTER RIGOROUS OBSERVATION CAN WE PROPOSE A THEORY. IT DOESN'T WORK THE OTHER WAY.. WISHES, NO MATTER HOW APPEALING, ARE ONLY THAT-- WISHES.
IT IS NOT A WISH TO WANT TO FIND YOUR WIFE, OR THE FACTS AROUND HER DISAPPEARANCE BUT IT HAS BEEN SEVEN LONG YEARS. DON'T YOU THINK YOU'VE HIT A POINT OF DIMINISHING RETURNS? BY NOW SHE'S LEGALLY DEAD.
LEGALLY, SHE DOESN'T EVEN EXIST. THAT'S WHAT HURTS, THEY COULDN'T LEAVE HER FAMILY ALONE ..NO RECORDS, NO TRACES.. NOTHING...
...HEY, I DIDN'T MEAN TO TALK ABOUT ANN, UH, MY WIFE...WE... WERE TALKING ABOUT HOW TO PROVE UFOS EXIST
UFOS, SURE-- YOU HUNGRY? COULD YOU USE A DRINK?
NOW YOU'RE TALKING. I KNOW A PLACE NOT TOO FAR FROM HERE.
IS IT ME? OR IS THE SKY..
GETTING BRIGHTER?
UH BRIGHTER?
SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS

OH, RICH, I FEEL LIKE I JUST WOKE UP... GOD, I CAN HARDLY STAND... I DON'T THINK I'M DRUNK... RICH?
MY HEAD IS SPINNING... BUT I THINK WE JUST HAD SEX AND I FEEL MISERABLE. NO... MAYBE NOT, Y'KNOW, I CAN'T REMEMBER...

CAN'T REMEMBER! I'M SORE DOWN THERE... BUT... I CAN'T QUITE...
SORE? I'M SORRY... I GUESS, BUT I CAN'T RELATE TO HOW THAT MIGHT HAVE HAPPENED... WE MUST'VE GOTTEN REALLY LOADED.
AND Y'KNOW? THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN OVER SEVEN YEARS, AND I CAN'T REALLY REMEMBER. MAYBE I'M GLAD... ADULTERY WOULD BE HARD TO DEAL WITH IF I COULD REMEMBER...

HEY! I'M INVOLVED HERE, TOO. I'M NO ADULTERESS... IT SEEMS WE MADE LOVE AND IT WAS BETWEEN YOU AND ME--WHATEVER YOUR WIFE'S FATE, SHE'S NOT HERE, BUT I AM.
I'M A LITTLE DISORIENTED, BUT I REALLY THANK YOU... I GUESS I NEEDED SOME PASSION IN MY LIFE, THE ATTENTION OF A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN... I JUST WISH I COULD...
IF YOU'RE GETTING SOME AIR, GIMME 5 MINUTES TO TAKE A QUICK SHOWER--I'LL JOIN YOU.

CHRIST! I WAS JUST GOING TO WANDER OUT... I'M SORRY, I'LL CATCH A SHAVE WHILE YOU SHOWER. SORE, HUH?
YEAH, IN PLACES I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD... LET'S STAY SOBER FOR THE NEXT TIME, HMM?

"ADMIRAL RH'OOT! WE ARE WITHIN TRANSPONDER RANGE OF OUR MOST RECENT EXPERIMENT SUBJECT... SHALL I ACTIVATE THE NEURAL PATH ANALYSIS SIGNAL?"

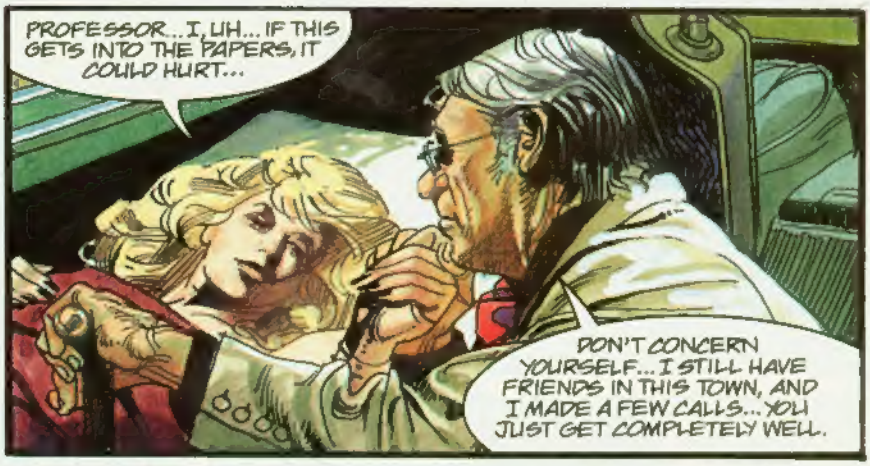
"TECHNOLOGIST TIST'EKEL, IS THE DEVICE IN THE CORRECT POSITION IN THE SUBJECT?"

"THIS UNIT BEARS THE SIGNATURE OF OUR BROTHER EXPEDITION CRAFT THAT CRASHED! SIR, THE SUPREME TECHNOLOGIST, CHH'HOAHD, WAS ON THAT SHIP... PERHAPS HE PERFORMED A FINAL *EXPERIMENT* ON THIS SUBJECT!"

"TIST'EKEL, SEND THE SCAN ALERT PROBE! OBSERVE THE CORRECT PROCEDURES--SUCCESS MAY BE NEAR!"

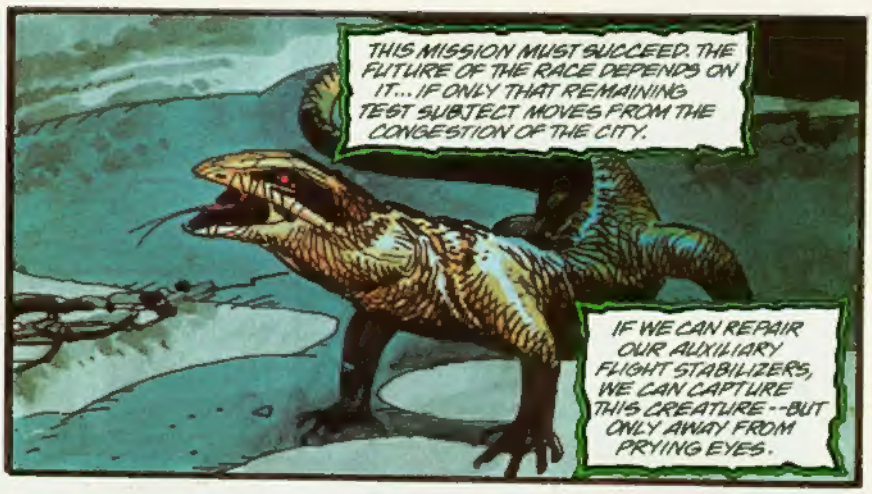
SNAK-
TIK-
TIK-
TIK
THEA...! I'VE GOT YOU... WHAT'S WRONG...?
OH NO, OH NO, OH NO...

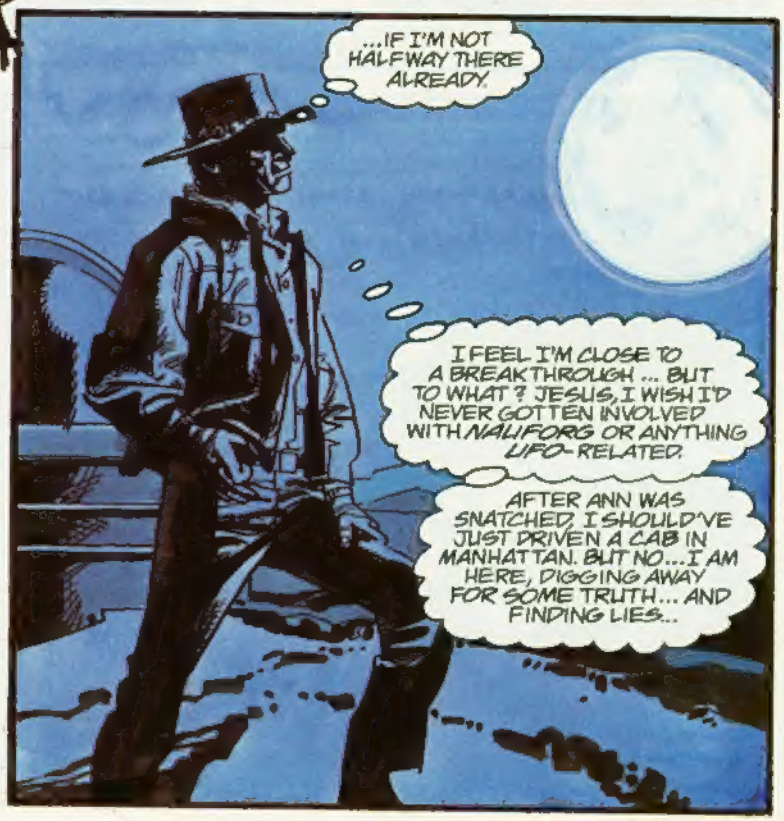
LATER...
DO YOU KNOW IF NARCOTICS OR ALCOHOL WERE USED?
WHA--? NO, THERE WAS NO NARCOTIC USE... ALCOHOL, I CAN'T BE SO SURE ABOUT...
THE DOC SAYS HE WANTS HER IN FOR TESTS... WE'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF HER.
AMBU


PROFESSOR... I, UH... IF THIS GETS INTO THE PAPERS, IT COULD HURT...
DON'T CONCERN YOURSELF... I STILL HAVE FRIENDS IN THIS TOWN, AND I MADE A FEW CALLS... YOU JUST GET COMPLETELY WELL.

RICHARD, DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP. THIS IS JUST A FLUKE... IT COULD BE FOOD POISONING FOR ALL YOU KNOW.
BUT THAT... THAT BLANK SPOT IN MY MIND... IT FEELS LIKE WHEN ANN DISAPPEARED! AND I FEEL JUST AS HELPLESS NOW AS I DID THEN!
I RECOMMEND THAT YOU LET IT SIT FOR A DAY OR TWO. YOU STILL HAVE THAT INTERVIEW WITH THE HEAD OF THAT OBSERVATORY TOMORROW.

DO THE INTERVIEW, REST UP, THEN THE DAY AFTER WE CAN GO OVER ALL THIS.
YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR... CHRIST, I CAN USE SOME SLEEP... I'LL CALL IN TOMORROW.





TO BE CONTINUED...